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Around Town.

Last week in speaking of the people who made themselves noticeable on the ship by which I returned from the Old Country, I forgot a dear old favorite in Toronto, Felix Morris. We all remember the many years he has visited us, principally during his attachment to the Rosina Vokes Company. Morris is beginning to look like an old man, and as he recited at the concert his voice had the thinness and the slight uncertainty which indicate either age or impaired health. But if he will permit us to call him an old man it may be said that he is a dear old man, and nobody was listened to with greater affection than this kindly spirit who has so long done major and minor things to amuse the people. With the modesty which so frequently indicates merit he told an English story, and later on recited Little Boy Blue, one of Eugene Field's most touching poems.

I was reminded of my omission of Felix Morris by receiving from the committee appointed to obtain a fund for the benefit of Eugene Field's family and to build a monument in his honor, a charming volume known as Field Flowers. The committee consists of all the editors and proprietors of Chicago's daily papers. Their original idea was to issue a certificate to everybody who subscribed a dollar to the family and the monument of that well loved writer who has been styled the "Poet Laureate of Childhood." The original intention of issuing a certificate involved some pretty illustrations, and thirty-two of America's leading artists were asked to contribute a design, the committee hoping to get half a dozen replies. Instead of this, every artist expressed his or her pleasure at having been asked, and the certificate grew into a beautiful volume, which I have before me, and which is being offered for sale at a dollar each, all the profit being equally divided between Eugene Field's family and the monument fund. Those who desire a little volume out of which they can read the prettiest things that have ever been written for children, illustrated by the prettiest pictures that could be designed by American intellect, should have this artistic book. I have never seen anything prettier. The sweet little ballads of the gentle soul that has passed away are made additionally attractive by the loving touch of his artistic friends, and a galaxy of art is the result which seems like bouquets of natural flowers artistically enframed. The little advertisement which is published as SATURDAY NIGHT's contribution to the tender genius of one of the gentlest men that ever lived, will be found on page four, and if Canada contributes generously to this fund this paper will be proud of its clientele. There are few things to encourage those who sing to the babies, who do not remember, but surely the parents will not forget the lullaby songs of the few men who devote themselves to the tender things of life, nor be lacking in regard for one whose voice was always tuned to the days of childhood while his years were those of a man.

The issuers of marriage licenses are no better pleased with the new and badly adapted regulations which came in force on the 1st of August than are the public who are subjected to many novelties, intricacies and annoyances that did not exist under the old procedure, which was in every way satisfactory except to some of the clergy. While looking over the affidavits and explanations "respecting the solemnization of marriage, being chap. 39 of the Sessional Statutes of Ontario, 1890," I struck the following:

Degrees of Affinity and Consanguinity, which under the Mosaic law, 1896, Chap. 39 Vict., Cap. 39, bar the lawful solemnization of marriage:

<i>A Man may not marry his:</i>	<i>A Woman may not marry her:</i>
1. Grandmother.	1. Grandfather.
2. Grandfather's wife.	2. Grandmother's husband
3. Wife's grandmother.	3. Husband's grandfather.
4. Aunt.	4. Uncle.
5. Aunt's wife.	5. Aunt's husband.
6. Wife's aunt.	6. Husband's uncle.
7. Mother.	7. Father.
8. Stepmother.	8. Stepfather.
9. Wife's mother.	9. Husband's father.
10. Wife's daughter.	10. Son.
11. Wife's son.	11. Husband's son.
12. Son's wife.	12. Daughter's husband.
13. Sister.	13. Brother.
14. Granddaughter.	14. Grandson.
15. Grandson's wife.	15. Granddaughter's husband.
16. Wife's granddaughter.	16. Husband's grandson.
17. Nephew.	17. Niece.
18. Nephew's wife.	18. Niece's husband.
19. Wife's niece.	19. Husband's nephew.

CERTIFICATE.

I do hereby certify that before me I administered the oath to the within mentioned I made aware of the above tables, showing the Degrees of Affinity or Consanguinity which are a bar to the lawful solemnization of marriage.

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Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

It is no doubt necessary that a specific declaration should be made in some statute as to an undue nearness in kinship, which must be avoided in lawful marriage, but some of the specifications in the nineteen prohibited relations seem rather odd. By looking over the Mosaic law we would probably discover the origin of the statute and also of the much disputed question as to whether it is proper for a man to marry his deceased wife's sister. The latter is permitted in Canada, but is prohibited in England, though a persistent agitation there has made it probable that the sister-in-law of a widower may yet hope to succeed to the stepmotherdom of her sister's children. This seems so evidently proper that scarcely anyone not wholly given over to forms and enactments can find objection to it, yet decades of persistent agitation have not overcome the scruples of those who think that intimate relations can be prohibited by law and the whole course of a man's or a woman's affections changed by act of parliament. A man is not related to his wife's sister any more than he is

related to his wife's second cousin, yet the argument against permitting a man to marry his wife's sister is that, hoping for such an opportunity, the wife's sister may be untrue to wife. A sister who would harbor such plans or entertain such a proposition could not be expected to be true to herself or to regard her sister's rights in any way, and would presumably act in defiance of acts of parliament or the accepted code of conventionalities.

However this may be, there are many other things in the list, the unnaturalness of which makes the whole schedule rather ridiculous. A man is not apt to want to marry his grandmother while there are so many other women in the world, nor to ask for a license to unite in matrimony with his grandfather's wife. Furthermore, it seems almost unnecessary to prohibit a man from marrying his wife's grandmother, but why a man should not marry his wife's grandmother if he wants to does not strike one at first blush. Such an aged lady—for we cannot imagine her as being under fifty

wife or a husband, may be relied upon to take the illegal method of acquiring the right of constant companionship. Scarcely any of the prohibited relations would ever occur to people who have the slightest respect for conventionalities, and if people are without such regard for public opinion no legal process will prevent them doing pretty much as they please. Of course for the good of the race it is necessary to prohibit marital relations between people who by blood are very nearly related, for without doubt the offspring are in danger of being either idiotic, deformed, or of criminal tendencies. These results are not dependent upon marriage or illegitimacy, but upon consanguinity. To enlarge the sphere of prohibitory enactments is to destroy respect for the law which is not upheld by a natural fear of physical results. Every young person should understand that impropriety and unnaturalness should be the basis of every enactment intended to govern the social or business life of the people. If there be no such basis, law becomes simply something to be secretly broken

civilized country is facilitating marriage rather than retarding it, except some Roman Catholic countries where, recently at least, it cost twenty-five dollars to be properly "tied up." The result is that people are not "tied up," but adopt the loose but more inexpensive and less acceptable method of simply living together.

Our religious advisers have made a mistake in forcing a new law upon the people. I am told that in anticipation of it a large number of licenses were taken out by the most respectable people, who hurried forward the day of their wedding in order that their names might not be "cried out" in church. If this repugnance to the performance which is mistakenly thought by many to be a part of our law is felt by some of the strictest members of the community, we can easily see how some marriages will be deferred, if not abandoned, by more self-conscious and less educated members of society. In the city of Toronto, I am told by the leading issuers of marriage licenses, that since the new law came into force there have

how old she is or of what age her proposed husband is, which makes it exceedingly difficult for both of them. And worse, many think the bans must be cried out in some church, to which neither of them may belong and for which neither of them has any regard. They must be married within specified hours, though, strange to say, there is nothing in the act which defines exactly how they shall act before or after the ceremony. All these things are done so that a divorce may not be necessary. Many of these things, I urge, will prevent a divorce being possible, for they will prevent a marriage being consummated. Such laws are not conducive to morality, and as the writer, to whom I referred, urged in his article a few weeks ago, they lay a heavy responsibility on the shoulders of the clergymen who instigated the unnecessary changes.

DON.

Riding on the train from Stratford to Toronto the other day, I set myself the task of making notes as to the condition of the creeks, streams and rivers over which the railway passes between the two cities. A man needs no special training to fit him to take such an observation and to become persuaded that the streams of Ontario are drying up just about as rapidly as possible. About a month ago I heard an old farmer state that the droughts which are becoming frequent in this province in mid-summer, are caused by the wiping out of all the natural forest, and that the effects of this are now beginning to be felt, because the few acres of bush that were once left at the rear end of farms are beginning to disappear. He said that the loss of forests caused the streams to dry up, and that these two causes promoted droughts, and that droughts caused pests of every kind to swarm over the country. I do not pretend to have examined the whole case, merely keeping a sharp lookout from a car window, but it is certain that the streams along the line have degenerated to miserable proportions, and it stands to reason that the country is very much poorer in consequence.

There are some fine stretches of wood between Stratford and Shakespeare. The stream that runs through Hamburg is dammed, and yet it only occupies a width that it must have had at one time without being stored up. A mile farther on there is an overgrown bed of what was once a very sprightly creek, but now it serves only as the course of a spring and fall freshet, and is wholly dry in August. Once, perhaps fifty years ago, there must have been a nice little stream running a mile beyond Berlin, but its sources have long since dried up. There is a splendid stream above Breslau, but it stretches for miles in the open sun and deteriorates yearly in volume and speed. Above Guelph the smallest kind of a culvert answers during the spring and fall freshets, where banks ten and twelve feet high show that once in the long ago a considerable stream occupied a bed thirty feet wide. The Grand River along its whole length is merely a reminiscence of its former self. The volume of its waters has decreased almost one-half within the recollection of men yet living. Above Rockwood there is the dried-up bed of a stream, perhaps once a branch of the river that still runs on the other side of the village. At Georgetown water runs beneath the track and is cared for as though it were champagne. There are four beds of streams between Brampton and Toronto all dried up or nearly so. A person may take note along any line of railway he may be traveling upon, and he will find the same condition—thirty and forty foot bridges over little rivulets that a thirsty camel could drink dry, or worse still, spanning the bed of a lost creek with white stones blistering in the sun. A dozen small towns could be named off-hand that owed their origin to the fine water-powers that nature gave them, and to-day these streams are on the point of drying up altogether. A stony river bed fifty or sixty feet in width lies exposed to the sun, while winding through the stones goes a lazy little dribble of water that a man can step across and babies wade in. At these places, too, there is generally a mill-dam above the town and another below it, so that the water is nursed and tended with the utmost care, and its level raised, so that the real deterioration of the streams can only be observed by following them into the country. The Grand River, the Saugeen, the Rocky Saugeen, the Otonabee, the Credit, the Humber and scores of other well known streams have shrunk perceptibly—some of them alarmingly—in the past ten years.

With the price of wood rising all the time and the prices of everything else that farmers have to sell steadily decreasing, it is not surprising that they turn in on the small patches of maple bush that still remain. When maple wood acquires a greater value, it seems inevitable that the natural forests of Ontario shall entirely disappear. That this will hasten the destruction of our streams seems certain. The Ontario Government has created a department of Forestry, but in doing so it has only gone the length of hiring a man to write essays on tree planting. It has not organized a plan of action and made such an appropriation as would originate, even in the smallest way, a permanent resistance to the forces that are causing the extinction of our forests and the decline of our streams. What we have a right to expect from the Government is action. All the possibilities of essay-writing were exhausted by Mr. Phipps in his time. In some way the farmers should be induced to leave intact such native bush as still remains in the older sections of the province. In some townships the municipal councils pay



THE CROSSING SWEEPER.

would hardly be attractive or dangerous to a man who had had a young wife. It is also difficult to imagine why an uncle's wife should be prohibited, or a wife's aunt, or a grandson's wife, or a wife's granddaughter, or a nephew's wife, for none of these are relatives by blood.

or openly defied.

As I pointed out once before, when the legislation to which I refer was proposed by the Ministerial Association and advocated by deputations who should have much better sense, to make marriage difficult is to make immorality prevalent. The majority of people would rather be immoral than ridiculous, and to the average Canadian the idea of having their "bans" cried out in the parish church is to make them appear absurd in the eyes and ears of their neighbors. Unfortunately the new law is misunderstood, and I hear from every part of the province that there is a prevalent idea that even if a marriage license be procured, the "intention to marry" must be announced once in church. Even an exceedingly well-informed writer in SATURDAY NIGHT made this mistake and pointed out that if people intend to get married that is their business, and if they register their intention with an officer appointed by the Crown and obtain a license they should be permitted to marry as they see fit, so long as the rite is performed by some proper person, either of the Church or the community, who is properly empowered to conduct the ceremony.

The trifling fee of two dollars should not be oppressive and is not begrimed by those who anticipate being "happy ever afterwards." The fee was reduced years ago, and every

only been about twenty licenses issued.

An argument advanced in favor of the present complicated system was that marriages were so easily consummated and so hard to undo. The cure of this will not be found in the making of marriage more difficult, but by reducing the expenses and tribulations of divorce proceedings. It is better that people who are desirous of marrying should legitimize their offspring than fall into habits much less respectable than the lives of those who disagree and finally decide to dissolve partnership. In the countries where divorce is practically prohibited the practices of the people are not nearly as pure as where improprieties are met with a final dissolution of the marriage tie. It may be quite right to assert that no divorce should be allowed except upon scriptural grounds and in accordance with the divine law, but to make even such a dissolution ruinous to the petitioners when the grounds acceptable to the churches are adduced, is a wrong to everyone who has been victimized by a bad man or a bad woman.

As we have it here in Ontario now, two people who desire to marry must go in company, or one after the other, to the issuer of marriage licenses, swear to her age or his age—in fact to both—while the woman has really no actual knowledge of

farmers twenty-five cents apiece for every maple tree planted along the roadway, provided the tree is alive at the end of three years, but where is the gain when a man plants a dozen trees along the road and destroys a hundred at the back of his farm? Would it not be possible to grant a small bonus to those owners of bush who preserve it in its natural state, regulating the amount by the value of cultivated land in that particular district? Would it not also be wise to systematically begin to wood the banks of all streams that run through Ontario, and to interpose to prevent the cutting away of trees that still line the banks of many streams? The deterioration of our rivers and creeks is so marked that the Legislature would be justified in extending its jurisdiction over them, asserting the principle that no man on his own property can do an injury to a stream, however small it may be, without doing an injustice to nature and mankind. The right of a man to build a wire fence across a stream is often challenged, but his right to denude its banks of shade, or to play any prank he may choose upon its source, if that source be upon his own land, goes unchallenged. The reader is invited to observe the creeks and small rivers of Ontario, and to decide whether there is cause for alarm in their condition.

Upon the independent press of the country devolves the duty of demanding from Mr. Laurier those civil service reforms to which it is pledged, and an exercise in office of that high rectitude which he professed in opposition. The Liberal newspapers will be very ready to defend anything that the Administration may do, and to overlook anything that the Administration may see fit to overlook. The Conservative press, on the other hand, will certainly not urge the Government to dismiss Conservative office-holders or to begin a house-cleaning in which their friends would be at stake. It is therefore necessary that editors of independent newspapers should pull out the tales of their papers at this time and read their anti-election editorials in order to regain the fine fervor that moved them two months ago.

It is a pity that unfed fires cease to blaze, decline to embers, and settle into gray ashes. But they do. The candor that distinguished and the zeal that inspired a great many honest men just previous to the general elections, have subsided, evaporated, vanished, anything you will. Exhausted by an excess of virtue, these men are now the victims of a moral prostration and a mental lethargy. The watchmen sleep on the ramparts, and all sorts of strange people are coming and going, in and out, with impunity and suspicious-looking bundles.

Even the Reform newspapers have ceased to demand that those Members of Parliament who accepted office under reprehensible circumstances during the last session of the late Parliament shall be called to account. On this point most of the independent newspapers have either changed ground or have preserved a silence that is astonishing in view of the intense indignation expressed in their issues of last May and June. Unless the newspapers that are free to speak out insist upon some action being taken in regard to the men who broke faith with their constituents, it seems likely that nothing will be done, and on future occasions other Members of Parliament will laugh at the threats made by indignant people.

The tournament commences on August 31, and entries will be received by the honorary secretary, Mr. Lawrence Baldwin, up to noon on that date at the Athletic Club. Six events are arranged for.

A meeting of the Ladies' Committee took place yesterday morning at the Athletic Club to arrange for the tennis tournament. The

death of Mrs. Nicholas Awrey at Grimsby Park on Tuesday was comparatively sudden. Many will recall her attendance at and interest in the Horse Show here last spring, when she was an honored guest. Mrs. Awrey leaves four children, and a sad feature of her passing was the fact that her husband is away in England, whence he sailed on Thursday. The funeral took place on Wednesday, in Hamilton, and was a very large one.

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Mr. Harold Muntz went to Chief's Island on a holiday last Monday.

Capt. and Mrs. Septimus Denison are visiting their brother, Col. G. T. Denison, at his Muskoka island.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Watson and their children returned from Muskoka on Tuesday. They have been holidaying with Commander and Mrs. Law at their island.

Mrs. Riordan's beautiful Muskoka home, with its retinue of servants, boats and canoes galore, and a delightful house party, is one of the most lovely places on the Muskoka Lakes. Things are done almost in urban style at this charming spot, and invitations to it are highly prized.

Miss Augusta Robinson is at Governor's Island, where she is treasuring health and vigor against a busy coming season, in which she will have several very important professional engagements.

Mrs. George Tate Blackstock is still at Boothden, her secluded summer home near Newport. Miss Parsons is now on a visit with her there.

Port Sandfield visitors are enjoying the charming singing of Mrs. Capon of Philadelphia, Mrs. Dow and pretty Miss May of Toronto. Miss Rowan is also a delightful vocalist from the Queen City at "giddy, giddy Sandfield," and Mr. Rundie's liquid tenor has frequently been heard in that happy resort.

Mr. and Mrs. DesBarres and Miss Dottie DesBarres are at Port Sandfield. The rector of St. Paul's is a disciple of Isaac Walton and has enviable luck in ensnaring the finny tribe. A fine catch of bass adds a good deal to the charm of the supper table and the rector is gratefully regarded by the hungry crowd, who are favored with the result of his labors. By the way, a word of commendation is deserved by the caterers at Port Sandfield, who provide the best meals I have eaten in Muskoka.

On August 4 Mr. A. E. Bradwin and Miss Lena Emigh of Blyth were married, the ceremony taking place at the residence of the bride's parents and being performed by Rev. T. E. Higley of Trinity church, Blyth. Mr. Bradwin, who was formerly connected with the business department of SATURDAY NIGHT, is now editor of the Blyth Standard. Miss Sadie Emigh, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid and Mr. Perry Bradwin of Wingham was groomsman.

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gave a delightful exhibition of fancy drills, including dumb-bell exercises, scarf, wand and ring drills and fancy marching. These classes were also organized and managed by Mr. Shaw and Miss Berryman and reflected great credit on both performers and teachers. These were the closing concerts of the summer classes under Professor Shaw's management, and he, as well as Miss Berryman, is to be congratulated on their successful season's work.

The dance at Sahara last week was a very enjoyable affair. The wide entrance hall and rooms were cleared for dancing, and the guests took their pleasure far from seriously. Many of those who were hidden from the city feared the threatened storm and gave up the trip to the Island, but though a high wind prevailed early in the evening the rain held off and the night turned out fine. A few of the city guests were Dr. Boulbee, Miss Hannaford, the Misses Drayton, Mr. Muir and Dr. Thistle; Mrs. Lockhart, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Lockhart, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. Chisholm, Mrs. Macrahy, Mr. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Dunstan, Miss Palmer, and Miss Armstrong, who are at Sahara, and also some of the prominent Island residents. For the former the last boat left all too soon, and many regrets at Cinderella hour were heard.

It is said the great Chinaman, Li Hung Chang, will visit Toronto during the Exhibition. Chinese are fond of queer dishes, and perhaps the expected guest would relish a fricassee of tuftossoo mofhs, of which we have a great quantity on hand. By the way, part of Li Hung Chang's traveling impedimenta is not baggage in the strict sense of the word. Like the Divine Sarah, he carries his coffin, in case he should die on foreign soil. This coffin is of heavy, gold-banded oak, richly ornamented with Chinese designs and lined with tufted silk and satin.

Dr. Lehmann was married at Woodstock on Wednesday. Dr. Thistle, his intimate friend and comrade, went up to be best man.

Judge and Mrs. Maedougall returned home this week from a month's visit to the far North-West.

The English and Canadian two days' cricket match was attended by a lot of spectators, and the members' enclosure contained a *marquee* with a very nice five o'clock tea table and *buffet*, the nice things on which were contributed by various ladies allied to prominent cricketers. Mrs. Ogden and the Misses Shanley were hostesses. Miss Ogden wore a pretty butter-colored summer frock. The lovely warm weather has brought out the usual crop of August frocks, and muslin, grenadine, satin, and duck were the rage during the dog-days, which are happily not up to the temperature suffered in larger cities to the south and west.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Sir Adolphus Caron spent a few days at Rivermount, the guests of Sir Frank Smith. Sir Adolphus left on Sunday night and Sir Mackenzie the following day. The latter attended the Methodist church on Sabbath morning. On Saturday the knight of Rivermount took his guests and a family party over to the Falls, and a delightful day was spent. The party dined at the Clifton House and supped on the Chippewa on the return trip. Several gentlemen lunched at the Albany Club with the distinguished visitors.

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Tennis and Niagara are now indissolubly connected, and the tournament weeks at the Queen's Royal always make a gala time at this pleasant resort. This year the international tennis championships begin on Tuesday week.

August 25. A large gathering of crack players and good fellows from the other side of the border are expected, while the Canadian entries at the August tournament are always numerous. In addition to leading champions like Messrs. R. D. Wren, W. A. Larned, Fred Hovey, and C. B. Neel, who are expected, there will be an infusion of the young veteran class, who always add to the enjoyment, such as Mr. R. D. Sears of Boston, Mr. R. N. Beach of New Haven, and Mr. A. E. Wright of New York. The usual round of festivities in connection with the tournament will take place, including a concert, a cotillion, a *musical* and dances. The honorary secretary is Mr. Stewart Houston, 18 Toronto street.

Who would willingly be a chaperone at a summer resort? The term is a wide margin on the usual thing. Girls and boys consider themselves in these Arcadian simplicities at liberty to canoe together, to explore the country, to swing in hammocks, to bathe and swim, while the chaperone dozes in her darkened chamber, thinking she does her duty nobly if she puts in an appearance at meal time and during the nightly frolic in the ball-room. One complacent matron, with a jolly party of young people under her wing, said easily, "Oh, I don't pretend to know where they are all day. Along about midnight I round them up and chase them to bed."

Mr. R. J. Conlan has just returned from New York, having spent a pleasant three weeks' vacation with friends.

Mr. T. Conlan and Mr. W. Bowman have left for a few weeks' vacation with friends in Collingwood and up the lakes.

One of the beauty spots of Muskoka is Shadow River, to which come every day numerous parties by steam launch, canoes and row boats. The launches tie up at Rosseau, and their freight of frills, furbelows and outing suits take to little boats to steal as quietly as may be over the mirror-like little stream. Rosseau is, by the way, to have a treat on Monday evening in a recital to be given by Miss Kate Beatty, elocutionist, and Miss May Mackenzie, a charming soprano from the Conservatory of Music here. Miss Beatty graduated last May from the School of Elocution in connection with the Conservatory, and will be remembered for her rendering of the part of the Queen in Electra some fifteen months ago in this city. Her programme is varied and interesting for Monday evening, and no doubt the Assembly Hall at Rosseau will be crowded on that date.

A very exciting ten minutes was passed at a fashionable summer resort the other day. A number of ladies were sitting on the bank, promenading on the wharf or wheeling on the gravel paths in the adjacent park. Away out on the pier a little nurse-girl was standing with a year-old baby in her arms. She strayed close to the edge of the pier and sat the baby on a pile which rose some two feet from the wharf. A sudden shrill scream startled the ladies, and they saw the infant disappear in the lake. A lady cyclist rode madly down the bank and along the pier, jumped from her wheel, flung off her skirt, and took a header into the water. A moment later she rose with the baby and clambered up the ladder used by swimmers and bathers, then climbing on her wheel, rode dripping with the baby under her arm to the first cottage, where a warm blanket and a glass of hot stuff restored baby and bicyclist in a jiffy.

The following are registered at Chemong Park Hotel: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fuller, Mrs. W. H. C. Moore of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hopwood, Masters Jack and Howard Hopwood, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Reid, Mrs. J. H. McLaren, Miss Alma McLaren, Miss McNavin, Miss May McNavin, Mr. J. Staines, Mr. Walter Proctor, Mr. O. S. Murchison, Dr. B. F. Nicholls, Mr. R. R. Durie, Mr. A. E. Brownlee, Mr. D. C. Ross, Mr. G. P. Sharkey of Toronto, Mr. Alexander Gibson of Peterboro', Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Platt of Lylons, N.Y., Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Campbell of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hartshorne of Fairfield, Conn., Miss Morritt, Miss C. Morritt of New York; Mr. and Mrs. R. Neill, Mr. A. and Miss Mercer, Mrs. C. Stapleton, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Law, Mr. H. M. Allen, Mrs. J. A. and Miss Raymond, Mr. W. K. Hall, Mr. V. C. McGill, Mr. J. M. Irwin, Mr. A. C. Milne, Mr. S. D. Hall, Mr. R. J. Fife, Misses H. and G. Kempf, Mr. F. W. Logan, Mr. A. Barclay, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Horkins of Peterboro'; Miss Metcalfe of Belleville, Miss Munson, Miss E. J. Munson and Mrs. G. F. Yeoman of Rochester.

There has been a very jolly party at White Star Cottage, Mazengah Island, this season, that being the very pretty home of Mr. H. P. Blachford, situated in the center of Lake Rosseau, Muskoka, where its genial hostess, Mrs. Blachford, has entertained a great many friends, among whom were: Messrs. Percy, Fred and Allan Blachford, Mr. and Mrs. Alf. Blachford, Miss Selby, Miss Souter of New York City, Miss Gamble, Miss N. Gamble of Alpena, Mich., and Mr. Doff of Toronto. Mr. Blachford's house-party at his island are noted for the jolly send-off they give to steamers *en passant*. On Tuesday morning the usual crowd

IN THE ABYSS

BY H. G. WELLS.

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PART I.

The lieutenant stood in front of the steel sphere and gnawed a piece of pine splinter. "What do you think of it, Steevens?" he asked.

"It's an idea," said Steevens, in the tone of one who keeps an open mind.

"I believe it will smash—flat," said the lieutenant.

"He seems to have calculated it all out pretty well," said Steevens, still impartial.

"But think of its pressure," said the lieutenant. "At the surface of the water it's fourteen pounds to the inch; thirty feet down it's double that; sixty, treble; ninety, four times; nine hundred, forty times; five thousand, three hundred—that's a mile—it's two hundred and forty times fourteen pounds; that's—let's see—thirty hundred-weight—a ton and a half, Steevens, a ton and a half to the square inch. And the ocean where he's going is five miles deep. That's seven and a half—"

"Sound's a lot," said Steevens, "but it's jolly thick steel."

The lieutenant made no answer, but resumed his pine splinter. The object of their conversation was a huge globe of steel having an exterior of perhaps twenty feet. It looked like the shot for some Titanic piece of artillery. It was elaborately nested in a monstrous scaffolding built into the framework of the vessel, and the gigantic spars that were presently to sling it overboard gave the stern of the ship an appearance that had raised the curiosity of

their elbows and stared down into the yellow-green water.

"Peace," said Elstead, finishing his thought aloud.

"Are you dead certain that clockwork will act?" asked Weybridge presently.

"It has worked thirty-five times," said Elstead. "It's bound to work."

"But if it doesn't—"

"Why shouldn't it?"

"I wouldn't go down in that confounded thing," said Weybridge, "for twenty thousand pounds."

"Cheerful chap you are," said Elstead, and spat sociably at a bubble below.

"I don't understand yet how you mean to work the thing," said Steevens.

"In the first place I'm screwed into the sphere," said Elstead, "and when I've turned the electric light off and on three times to show I'm cheerful, I'm swung out over the stern by the crane, with all those big lead sinkers slung below me. The top lead weight has a roller carrying a hundred fathoms of strong cord rolled up, and that's all that joins the sinkers to the sphere except the slings that will be cut when the affair is dropped. We use cord rather than wire rope because it's easier to cut and more buoyant—necessary points, as you'll see. Through each of these lead weights you notice there is a hole, and an iron rod will be run through that and will project six feet on the lower side. If that rod is rammed up from below it knocks up a lever and sets the clockwork in motion at the side of the cylinder on which the cord winds. Very well. The whole affair is lowered gently into the water, and the slings are cut. The sphere floats—with the air in it's lighter than water—but the lead weights go down straight and the cord runs out. When the cord is all paid out the sphere will go down too, pulled down by the cord—"

"But why the cord?" asked Stevens. "Why not fasten the weights directly to the sphere?"

"Because of the smash down below. The whole affair will go rushing down, mile after mile, at a headlong pace at last. It would be knocked to pieces on the bottom if it wasn't for that cord."

But the weights will hit the bottom, and directly they do, the buoyancy of the sphere will come into play. It will go on sinking slow and slower; come to a stop at last and then begin to float upward again. That's where the clockwork comes in. Directly the weights smash against the bottom, the rod will be knocked through and will kick up the clockwork, and the cord will be rewound on the reel. There I shall stay for half an hour, with the electric light on, looking about me. Then the clockwork will release a spring knife, the cord will be cut, and up I shall rush again, like a soda-water bubble. The cord itself will help the flotation."

"And if you should chance to hit a ship?" said Weybridge.

"I should come up at such a pace, I should go clean through it," said Elstead. "Like a cannon ball. You needn't worry about that."

"And suppose some nimble crustacean should wriggle into your clockwork?"

"It would be a pressing sort of invitation for me to stop," said Elstead, turning his back on the water and staring at the sphere.

They had swung Elstead overboard by eleven o'clock. The day was serenely bright and calm, with the horizon lost in haze. The electric glare in the little upper compartment beamed cheerfully three times. Then they let him down slowly to the surface of the water, and a sailor in the stern chains hung ready to cut the tackle that held the lead weights and the sphere together. The globe, which had looked so large on deck, looked the smallest thing conceivable under the stern of the ship. It rolled a little, and its two dark windows which floated uppermost seemed like eyes turned up in round

"Good God!" said Steevens, "you don't think—"

"Well," said Weybridge, and left the rest to his imagination.

"I'm no great believer in calculations myself," said the commander dubiously. "So that I'm not altogether hopeless yet." And at midnight the gunboat was steaming slowly in a spiral around the spot where the globe had sunk, and the white beam of the electric light fled and halted and swept discontents onward again over the waste of phosphorescent waters under the little stars.

"If his window hasn't burst and smashed him," said Weybridge, "then it's a cursed sight worse, for his clockwork has gone wrong, and he's alive now, five miles under our feet, down there in the cold and dark, anchored in that little bubble of his, where never a ray of light has shown or human being lived, since the waters were gathered together. He's there without food, feeling hungry and thirsty and scared, wondering whether he'll starve or stifle. Which will it be? The Myers apparatus is running out, I suppose. How long do they last?"

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "What little things we are! What daring little devils! Down there, miles and miles of water—all water, and all this empty water about us and this sky. Gulls!" He threw his hand out, and as he did so a little white streak swept noiselessly up the sky, traveled slower, stopped, became a motionless dot as though a new star had fallen up into the sky. Then it went sliding back again and lost itself amidst the reflections of the stars and the white haze of the sea's phosphorescence.

At the sight he stopped, arm extended and mouth open. He shut his mouth, opened it again and waved his arms with an impatient gesture. Then he turned, shouted "Elstead ahoy," to the first watch, and went at a run to Lindley and the search light. "I saw him," he said. "Starboard there! His light's on and he's just shot out of the water. Bring the light round. We ought to see him drifting, when he lifts on the swell."

But they never picked up the explorer until dawn. Then they almost ran him down. The crane was swung out and a boat's crew hooked the chain to the sphere. When they had shipped the sphere they unscrewed the manhole and peered into the darkness of the interior (for the electric light chamber

was intended to illuminate the water about the sphere, and was shut off entirely from its general cavity). The air was very hot within the cavity, and the India rubber at the lip of the manhole was soft. There was no answer to the eager

We're going to lay off about a couple of miles, fear he should hit us when he comes up," said his mate.

PART II.

The ship steamed slowly to her new position. Aboard her almost everyone who was unoccupied remained watching the breathing swell into which the sphere had sunk. For the next half hour it is doubtful if a word was spoken that did not bear directly or indirectly on Elstead. The December sun was now high in the sky and the heat very considerable. "He'll be cold enough down there," said Weybridge. "They say that below a certain depth sea water's always just about freezing."

"Where'll he come up?" asked Steevens. "I've lost my bearings."

"That's the spot," said the commander, who prided himself on his omniscience. He extended a precise finger southeastward. "And


The ship's doctor crawled in.

this, I reckon, is pretty nearly the moment," he said. "He's been thirty-five minutes."

"How long does it take to reach the bottom of the ocean?" asked Steevens.

"For a depth of five miles, and reckoning as we did—an acceleration of two feet per second, both ways, is just about three-quarters of a minute."

"Then he's overdue," said Weybridge.

"Pretty nearly," said the commander. "I suppose it takes a few minutes for that cord of him to wind in."

"I forgot that," said Weybridge, evidently relieved.

And then began the suspense. A minute slowly dragged itself out, and no sphere shot out of the water. Another followed, and nothing broke the low, oily swell. The sailors explained to one another that little point about the winding in of the cord. The rigging was dotted with expectant faces. "Come up, Elstead!" called one hairy-chested salt, impatiently, and the others caught it up and shouted as though they were waiting for the curtain of a theater to rise. The commander glanced irritably at them. "Of course if the acceleration's less than two," he said, "he'll be all the longer. We aren't absolutely certain that was the proper figure. I'm no slavish believer in calculations." Steevens agreed concisely. No one on the quarter-deck spoke for a couple of minutes. Then Steevens' watch-case clicked.

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"Are you dead certain the clockwork will act?"

every decent sailor who had sighted it, from the pool of London to the tropic of Capricorn. In two places, one above the other, the steel gave place to a couple of circular windows of enormously thick glass, and one of these, set in a steel frame of great solidity, was now partially unscrewed. Both the men had seen the interior of this globe for the first time that morning. It was elaborately padded with air cushions, with little studs sunk between bulging pillows, to work the simple mechanism of the affair. Everything was elaborately padded, even the Myers apparatus which was to absorb carbonic acid and replace the oxygen inspired by its tenant when he had crept in by the glass manhole and had been screwed in. It was so elaborately padded that a man might have been fired from a gun in it with perfect safety. And it had to be, for presently a man was to crawl in through that glass manhole, to be screwed up tightly and to be flung overboard and to sink down, down, down, for five miles, even as the lieutenant said. It had taken the strongest hold of his imagination; it made him a bore at mess, and he found Steevens, the new arrival on board, a godsend to talk to about it over and over again.

"It's my opinion," said the lieutenant, "that that glass will simply bend in and bulge and smash under a pressure of that sort. Daubree has made rocks run like water under big pressures—and you mark my words—"

"If the glass did break in," said Steevens, "what then?"

"The water would shoot out like a jet of iron. Have you ever felt a straight jet of high-pressure water? It would hit as hard as a bullet. It would simply smash him and flatten him. It would tear down his throat and into his lungs; it would blow in his ears—"

"What a detailed imagination you have!" protested Steevens, who saw things vividly.

"It's a simple statement of the inevitable," said the lieutenant.

"And the globe?"

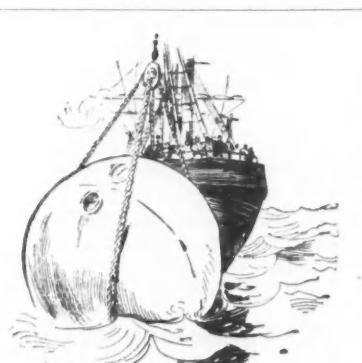
"Would just give out a few little bubbles, and it would settle down comfortably against the day of judgment, among the oozes and the bottom lay—with poor Elstead spread over his own smashed cushions like butter over bread."

He repeated this sentence as though he liked it very much. "Like butter over bread," he said.

"Having a look at the Jigger?" said a voice behind them, and Elstead stood behind them, spick and span, in white, with a cigarette between his teeth, and his eyes smiling out of the shadow of his ample hat brim. "What's that about bread and butter, Weybridge? Grumbling as usual about the insufficient pay of naval officers? It won't be more than a day now before I start. We are to get the strings ready to-day. This clean sky and gentle swell is just the kind of thing for swinging off five tons of lead and iron; isn't it?"

"It won't affect you much," said Weybridge.

"No. Seventy or eighty feet down, and I shall be there in a dozen seconds, there's not a particle moving, though the wind shrieked itself hoarse up above, and the water lifts halfway to the clouds. No. Down there—" He moved to the side of the ship and the other two followed him. All three leant forward on



"Are you ready?" sang out the commander.

wonderment at the people who crowded the rail. A voice wondered how Elstead liked the rolling. "Are you ready?" sang out the commander. "Aye, aye, sir." "Then let her go."

The ropes of the tackle tightened against the blade and were cut, and an eddy rolled over the globe in a grotesquely helpless fashion. Someone waved a handkerchief, someone else tried an ineffectual cheer, a middy was counting slowly, "eight, nine, ten—". Another roll, then with a jerk and a splash the thing righted itself. It seemed to be stationary for a moment, to grow rapidly smaller, and then the water closed over it and it became visible, enlarged by refraction and dimmer, below the surface. Before one could count three it had disappeared. There was a flicker of white light from down in the water that diminished to a speck and vanished. Then there was nothing but a depth of water going down in the blackness, through which a shark was swimming.

Then suddenly the screw of the cruiser began to rotate, the water was crackled, the shark disappeared in a wrinkled confusion and a torrent of foam rushed across the crystalline clearness that had swallowed up Elstead.

"What's the idee?" said one A. B. to another.

We're going to lay off about a couple of miles, fear he should hit us when he comes up," said his mate.

PART II.

The ship steamed slowly to her new position. Aboard her almost everyone who was unoccupied remained watching the breathing swell into which the sphere had sunk. For the next half hour it is doubtful if a word was spoken that did not bear directly or indirectly on Elstead. The December sun was now high in the sky and the heat very considerable. "He'll be cold enough down there," said Weybridge.

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"That's the spot," said the commander, who prided himself on his omniscience. He extended a precise finger southeastward. "And

"The Safeguard"

From the hundred and one ills dependent upon drinking the ordinary adulterated, nerve-disturbing rubbish masquerading as Tea.

"Salada"
CEYLON TEA
IS PURE AND DELICIOUS.
LEAD PACKETS ONLY.
ALL GROCERS.

questions and no sound of movement within. Elstead seemed to be lying motionless, crumpled up, in the bottom of the globe. The ship's doctor crawled in and lifted him out to the men outside. For a moment or so they did not know whether Elstead was alive or dead. His face in the yellow light of the ship's lamps glistened with perspiration. They carried him down to his own cabin.

He was not dead, they found, but in a state of absolute nervous collapse, and besides cruelly bruised. For some days he had to lie perfectly still. It was a week before he could tell his experiences.

Almost his first words were that he was going down again. The sphere would have to be altered, he said, in order to allow him to throw off the cord if need be, and that was all. He had had the most marvelous experience. "You thought I should find nothing but ooze," he said. "You laughed at my explorations. And I've discovered a new world!" He told his story in disconnected fragments, and chiefly from the wrong end, so that it is impossible to retell it in his words. But what follows is the narrative of his experience.

steaming slowly and staring down and wondering what had happened to him.

He peered out of the window. There were no more bubbles now, and the hissing had stopped. Outside there was a heavy blackness, as black as black velvet, except where the electric light pierced the empty water and showed the color of it a yellow green. Then three things like shapes of fire swam into sight, following each other through the water. Whether they were little and near, or big and far off, he could not tell. Each was outlined in a bluish light, almost as bright as the lights of a fishing smack, a light which seemed to be smoking faintly, and all along the sides of them were specks of this, like the lighted portholes of a ship. Their phosphorescence seemed to go out as they came into the radiance of his lamp, and he saw then that they were little fish of some strange sort with huge heads, vast eyes and dwindling bodies and tails. Their eyes were turned towards him, and he judged they were following him down. He supposed they were attracted by his glare. Presently others of the same sort joined them. As he went on down he noticed that the water became of a pallid color, and that little specks twinkled in his ray like motes in a sunbeam. This was probably due to the clouds of ooze and mud that the impact of his leaden sinkers had disturbed.

By the time he was drawn down to the lead weights he was in a dense fog of white that his electric light failed altogether to pierce for more than a few yards, and many minutes elapsed before the hanging sheets of sediment subsided to any extent. Then, lit by his light and the transient phosphorescence of a distant shoal of fishes, he was able to see under the huge blackness of the superincumbent water an undulating expanse of grayish-white ooze, broken here and there by tangled thickets of a growth of sea lilies, waving hungry tentacles in the air. Further away were the graceful, translucent outlines of a group of gigantic sponges. About this floor there were scattered a number of bristling, flattish tufts of rich purple and black, which he decided must be some sort of sea urchin, and small, large-eyed or blind things having a curious resemblance, some to woodlice and others to lobsters, crawled sluggishly across the track of the light and vanished into the obscurity again, leaving furrowed trails behind them. Then suddenly the hovering swarm of little fishes veered about and came towards him as a flight of starlings might do. They passed over him like a phosphorescent snow, and then he saw behind them some larger creature advancing towards the sphere. At first he could see it only dimly, a faintly moving figure remotely suggestive of a walking man, and then it came into the spray of light that the lamp shot out. As the glare struck it, it shut its eyes, dazzled. He stared in rigid astonishment.

(To be concluded.)

The Convent of Arthabaska, P. Q., has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for the use of its advanced pupils.

In the Hot Spell.
Punch.

Country Barber (affably, to a total stranger)—Very tryin' weather this, sir. Makes you feel as if you'd like your body in a pond, an' your head in a publicouse!

Cloth of Wood Fibre.

The important question of how best to withstand winter's frosty weather interests everybody. And this question is now settled by the great possibilities offered by Fibre Chamois. It is the pure fibre of the spruce tree made as soft as silk or wool by an interesting chemical process, and then felted together just as wool or cotton is, making a strong and waterproof and cheap fabric. Nearly everyone knows that wood is one of the best non-conductors of heat and cold to be found, so this interlining, made entirely from the wood, affords thorough protection from the most cold or searching winds, at the same time preserving the natural heat of the body. These facts, united with its light weight and pliable nature, make it an invaluable interlining for outer clothing of every description.

A Man's Fad.

The portrait-pipe is a fad with certain wealthy young men. One of the most beautiful is owned by Frederick Gebhardt, who was married to a Baltimore beauty a few years ago. He wished to have a pipe made bearing the likeness of his wife, and left several photographs and a statuette of Mrs. Gebhardt with the carver. A month later he received the pipe and a bill for eight hundred dollars. A number of pieces of meerschaum had been tried, only to prove defective, and the last piece, which measured eight inches high, seven broad, and twelve deep, was reduced to a pipe three inches high and two and a half inches at its widest part. When completed, the pipe had passed through the hands of twenty-seven workmen. T. Suffern Taiter, the noted New York whip who married the daughter of Pierre Lorillard, saw Mr. Gebhardt's pipe, and therewith had one made from pictures of Mrs. Taiter. It is set in gold and jewels, and cost eleven hundred dollars. Still another of these pipes presents the features of Mrs. Duncan Elliot, who as Sallie Hargous was a reigning New York beauty.

English Upper Classes.

The manners of the upper classes in England are putting on a veneer of roughness for the same reason (according to the *Spectator*) that society is always changing, or tending to change, its place of meeting in the park. That reason is the desire to keep separate from the herd. The smart people gave up being formally polite and making bows and "graceful inclinations of assent" when the middle class grew polite, and shop-boys and shop-girls adopted the etiquette of the old *regime*. When the manners of those below them in the social scale became thoroughly polite, the only way of escape was the adoption of a self-conscious roughness. It became the right thing to say, "May I have a dance?" in Mayfair, because at middle-class balls a beautiful bow and a formal demand had become the fashion. Society is trying to dodge its humbler followers, and, as soon as its retreat is discovered, in all probability we shall see a reaction in favor of formality. "But these things are only externals," the *Spectator* affirms. "The main fact is that our manners in essentials are growing less, not more, rough. Men are less,

Sarsaparilla Sense.

Any sarsaparilla is sarsaparilla. True. So any tea is tea. So any flour is flour. But grades differ. You want the best. It's so with sarsaparilla. There are grades. You want the best. If you understood sarsaparilla as well as you do tea and flour it would be easy to determine. But you don't. How should you? When you are going to buy a commodity whose value you don't know, you pick out an old established house to trade with, and trust their experience and reputation. Do so when buying sarsaparilla.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been on the market 50 years. Your grandfather used Ayer's. It is a reputable medicine. There are many Sarsaparillas—but only one Ayer's. It cures.

Stopped Playing Hamlet.



Hello! Tompkins, I hear you intend elevating the Lyceum stage?
Tompkins—Yes, I've got a contract to build it twelve inches higher.

not more, disagreeable than they used to be. Let anyone who doubts this compare the way men treat each other when alone to the way in which they acted forty years ago. The old ideas of what was fair in the way of 'roastin' a fool, or a bore, or a nervous man, have completely changed, and few people now can be found to defend the old-fashioned style of practical joke. Theodore Hook was not counted as a specially rude or disreputable man by his contemporaries. If he tried to practice his form of wit now he would not be tolerated for an hour in the society of well-bred people, and we doubt if even in the stables his ways would be counted possible."

Betrothal Customs.

London Mail.

In many countries the betrothal ring becomes the wedding ring when the marriage is celebrated. In Germany and Norway this is the custom. It is among nations to whom the betrothal is as binding as the ceremony that this practice finds a vogue.

One quaint and pretty old fashion of having a posy engraved inside engagement and wedding rings has lately been revived, and old recollections of rings have been overhauled to find appropriate words, that have been written of them centuries ago. Some are very pretty, "My heart is yours," "Hearts content, cannot repent," "In God and thee, my comfort be," "In thee my choice I do rejoice." This seems most suitable where the bride is small, "Love one little, but love one long." Some rings have only initials or names of the husband and wife, and the date of the engagement or wedding, but posies are far prettier.

It is sometimes the case that girls prefer another badge of engagement. This is particularly the case when a first engagement has been sorrowfully ended by the death of the husband to be. When Princess May became betrothed to Prince George she told him that she could never bear to remove from her finger the ring that his brother, the Duke of Clarence, had placed there, and that even when her wedding circlet took its place she should like to wear Prince Eddie's ring above it. Her Royal Highness made choice of a bangle for her engagement token, and this, fastened securely

upon her wrist, has never left it. The Duke of York wears one to match it.

The Royal Family of England wear wedding rings of medium breadth and thickness, and in pursuance of the German fashion the husbands wear rings as well as their wives.

Doctors Gave Her Up.

Remarkable Experience of Mrs. Salois of St. Pie.

La Grippe, Followed by Inflammation of the Lungs, Left Her on the Verge of the Grave—Her Whole Body Racked With Pain—Her Husband Brought Her Home to Die, but She Is Again in Good Health.

In the pretty little town of St. Pie, Bagot county, is one of the happiest homes in the whole Province of Quebec, and the cause of much of this happiness is the inestimable boon of health conferred through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Eva Salois is the person thus restored, and she tells her story as follows: Like a great many other Canadians, my husband and myself left Canada for the States, in hope that we might better our condition, and located in Lowell, Mass. About a year ago I gave birth to a bright little boy, but while yet on my sick bed I was attacked with la grippe, which developed into inflammation of the lungs. I had the very best of care and the best of medical treatment, and although the inflammation left me I did not get better, but continually grew weaker and weaker. I



could not sleep at night, and I became so nervous that the least noise would make me tremble and cry. I could not eat, and was reduced almost to a skeleton. My whole body seemed racked with pain to such an extent that it is impossible for me to describe it. I go so low that the doctor who was attending me lost hope, but suggested calling in another doctor for consultation. I begged them to give me something to deaden the terrible pain I endured, but all things done for me seemed unavailing. After the consultation was ended my doctor said to me, 'You are a great sufferer, but it will not be for long. We have tried everything; we can do no more. I had therefore to prepare myself for death, and would have welcomed it as a relief to my suffering, were it not for the thought of leaving my husband and child. When my husband heard what the doctors said, he replied then we will at once go back to Canada, and weak and suffering as I was we returned to our old home. Friends here urged that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills be tried, and my husband procured them. After taking them for some weeks I rallied, and from that on I constantly improved in health. I am now entirely free from pain. I can eat well and sleep well, and am almost as strong as I ever was in my life, and this renewed health and strength I owe to the marvelous powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in gratitude I urge all sick people to try them.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

Harris and Burnand's Last.

The Telephone Girl, the last production of Sir Augustus Harris, was staged in London recently and well received. The music is tuneful and the words are bright. Here is a sample chorus of guests:

In a state of consternation,
And with inward trepidation,
We accept this invitation,
For it's very, very rare
That we have participation
In a hot or cold collation
With a person of such station
As our much-beloved confere.
Though with mental perturbation
We admit the reservation
That it looks like dissipation
Still it's neither here nor there;
And our one exasperation
Is our daily occupation,
Which, by bad remuneration,
Gives us nothing nice to wear.

NO. 16.

The Tuning Block



In a piano is not a matter of great importance to its keeping in tune. Perhaps a poor block would not injure the tone for a while, but a poor block may split at any time, and what's your piano good for then? Now our tuning block is made of six pieces of rock maple, piece on piece, the grain on each running at right angles to the other. That's our kind. Agents for other pianos sometimes show a sample block like ours and then sell a piano that has a single piece block, which costs twenty times less to make.

Your safest way is to buy a Pratte Piano and then you are sure of getting the best. Every part of our piano publicly described and shown, and samples exhibited at the warerooms.

Pratte Pianos

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - - Editor

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VOL. IX] TORONTO, AUG. 15, 1896. [No. 39]

Saturday Night Out of Town.

Wherever you go for vacation you can have "Saturday Night" mailed to you. To any address in Canada or the United States, 20c. a month; to foreign addresses, 25c. a month. Ask your newsdealer or write to this office.

SPORTING COMMENT

Lacrosse enthusiasts who came a hundred miles to see the Capital-Tecumsehs match had a run for their money last Saturday. The over-flowing audience that greeted the champion teams ought to teach the Ferry Company a thing or two about the kind of attractions that the public care to see. The inference is as plain as the nose on your face that Toronto must have the best for her money or she won't give her money up. The audience was in marked contrast to the slim attendance at the wooden game of the Saturday before. Of course it was conceded that the Tecumsehs were likely to be beaten, and the Ottawa men who came down with a barrel of money found very few takers even when they offered odds that the Capitals would double the Tecumsehs' score. Still the result—five goals to one—by no means represents the comparative merits of the teams. The match was played under a blistering sun and at a terrific pace. The Tecumsehs put up a magnificent game, worked as hard in fact as the Capitals, but not as effectively. Jimmy Macdonald was pitted against George Carson and made a fine showing against the big fellow. Hartley played brilliantly, and Barney Quinn, for what games he was on the field, was a stone wall for the defence. But the average of the Tecumsehs was not up to their rivals', whose swift and accurate passing and deadly combination about the goal was responsible for the big score in their favor. In spots the Tecumsehs were as swift and as accurate as the Capitals, but in the crises their combination went to pieces and their shooting on goal was bad. Generally speaking the passing was ragged and the Toronto boys showed a disposition to be absent from their checks. There were other things, too, that contributed to the Tecumsehs' defeat. They were nervous at meeting the wild men from the East with their unbroken record of victories and their reputation for fierce playing. Moreover, the Capitals had the advantage in weight and form. Their continuous practice had made them as hard as nails, and the pace that winded their rivals never caused the Ottawa men to turn a hair. A little more practice will do the Tecumsehs no harm. The team that travels too long on its shape will soon find its shape a little flaccid.

There were some unpleasant incidents of the game. For instance, there was the interference of Deputy Chief Stewart, who was taking a half-day off from his arduous duty of telling the Magistrate what to do in the Police Court. I strongly suspect that the Deputy Chief has never been at a lacrosse match before or he would never have marched out in the middle of a game to read a lecture on gentleness to the players. At any rate, the intrusion was resented by the audience, who hissed the Deputy Chief unanimously. Further on, when the Deputy Chief's interference might have been salutary to prevent the brutality of some of the Capitals, he was not there. Barney Quinn, he of the massive shoulders and the generous chest, the man who wields with one hand a lacrosse that an ordinary player would find awkward with two, had a desperate time of it. Several of his old Ottawa companions had expressed their intention of "getting after him." And get after him they did, with the result that Barney and his aggressors were twice ruled off the field. Mr. Smith, who had received a nasty clip from Barney's lacrosse in the first game, "laid" for him, and in a catch-as-catch-can bout later on tumbled the big man over and choked him vigorously. It was an accident, because Smith would never have got the advantage if he hadn't caught Barney's leg when he was in mid-air. Barney offered to prove this by a fair fight with Smith, and said he could throw Mr. Smith down so hard that they would have to dig him out with a spade, but the peacemakers stepped in and both men were again ruled off. You can hardly blame Barney, and the leonine poise of his shoulders as he squared off to fight was superb, but really I wish he would curb his temper. He should remember that he who governs his temper is greater than he who taketh a city. Besides, we want the Ottawa men to have a monopoly of the ruffianism.

Someone has raised a kick against the Street Railway Company because of the fact that the watering of the streets along which the cars run is done in a manner and at such times as interfere to the greatest possible extent with the convenience of the twenty thousand bicycle riders of the city. It turns out, however, that the complaint has been lodged in the wrong place, as the hours for watering the

streets are specified in the agreement between the City Engineer and the Company. The City Engineer should be urged to look after the interests of wheelmen. Bicycle riders have been kept in a state of high anger all summer by the wet asphalt wherever the street cars run, and a very general feeling of resentment against the Street Railway is found among wheelmen for this reason alone, the relation of the City Engineer to the grievance not having been known until this week. Anyone who rides a wheel is aware that King, Queen, Yonge and College are watered at such times as to lend color to the idea that the water is put on for the sole purpose of annoying wheelmen. If you come along King street at 7:30 you find it swimming in water; at 8:30 or thereabouts it is again swimming, so that bicyclists cannot get down town in the morning with clean clothes unless they bump over the cedar blocks. Those who go home at 12 o'clock find the asphalt again ready for them, and on coming back at 1 or 1:30 it is found that the malevolent sprinkler has preceded them. At 4 o'clock and at 5 o'clock the pavements are soaked when people are going home for the day. It is necessary that the streets should be sprinkled, but it is not at all surprising that bicyclists should resent an arrangement that seems to have been planned very carefully so that they may be annoyed at every turn, nor is it surprising that the Street Railway Company, which has the contract of watering the streets covered by its lines, should be suspected of purposely discriminating against wheelmen. The existence of an agreement with the City Engineer, however, transfers the blame to that official, and it becomes necessary to hold him responsible and to exonerate the railway. Mr. Keating should remove the grievance without waiting for wheelmen to rise in rebellion.

As I predicted last week, the native-born cricketers defeated the English-born players in the two-day game at Varsity last Friday and Saturday. The Canadian score of 235 in the first innings was no larger than such a representative eleven should have compiled, and the English-born players should have responded with a score equally large. But they did not. They faced better bowling and better fielding than their own. This game accentuates the truth that good fielding is very important. It is the practice here to ignore the fielding capacity of players, and the man who may be depended upon to bat out a dozen or a score of runs is always preferred to the one who may be depended upon to catch anything that comes his way. Yet a man may make a score of runs and muft a catch given by an opponent who afterwards puts on a century. Another man may make a duck, yet he may capture a catch which will shut out a man who would otherwise hit up a century. The Canadians, therefore, in being the better fielders—considered as a team—quite overmatched their opponents. The significant features of the game consisted in the work done by men who have not yet figured in international cricket. Mr. W. E. Dean of Parkdale won in tenth man in the first Canadian innings and hit up 63 in slashing style. In the second venture he made 20, so that he made the highest total of any man in the whole game. Mr. Dean is a left-hand bat and a hard hitter always. He ranks as a wicket-keeper second only to Messrs. Saunders and Horstead, while as an out-fielder, I think he has no equal among the cricketers of

The annual meet of the American Canoe Association will take place at Grindstone Island, in the St. Lawrence River, from August 14 to August 28. A great many Toronto people will be present, and tourists will flock to Grindstone Island from all points along the St. Lawrence, so that a brilliant two weeks is anticipated. The place of meeting is about five miles from Gananoque. Those who go may camp out, if they like, and secure meals at the Camp Mess for one dollar per day.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Smith of Orillia and Mr. Dissette of Toronto, and the others who chipped in smaller amounts to back Jake Gaudaur in his race against Stanbury, will be rewarded for their enterprise. It seems very probable that Gaudaur will win.

Cornwall seems to think that because it defeated the Shamrocks it has the championship already won. But it has the Capitals to

the country. Place him on the boundary and he can judge a fly, catch as surely and cover as much ground as the best professional baseball out-fielder. It should now be impossible to pass him over for the international this year. He is a McGill student and enjoys a great deal of all-round popularity. Another player, who, while not scoring so well, gave a good account of himself, was Mr. M. A. Walker of London, and another was Mr. H. C. Pope of the same place. Mr. Walker has long been a good cricketer, but this year he has an improved confidence in himself and bats very prettily. Mr. C. Leigh of Parkdale is no longer a professional, having been playing for three years as an amateur. He is batting better this year than he ever did, he fields beautifully in the slips, and as for his bowling, I feel safe in saying that he is this year the best slow bowler in Ontario. His form and his standing technically, entitle him to a place on the international team.

On present form I should say that the Canadian eleven that should go to Philadelphia next month ought to be as follows, if we assume that no obstacles can arise to prevent any of the men named from going: D. W. Saunders, J. M. Laing and P. C. Goldingham of Toronto; G. S. Lyon of Rosedale, W. E. Dean and C. Leigh of Parkdale; W. H. Cooper of Trinity, J. Horstead of Chatham, M. A. Walker and F. W. Terry of London, and either A. F. R. Martin or Fritz Martin of Hamilton. This would be quite a new team—it would be what might be called a younger team, and we might depend upon it proving unusually sharp in the field. To be sure this would really be an Ontario eleven, but the difficulty of getting good men from the West and East is such that it is perhaps best to choose men from Ontario.

The 134 runs made by Mr. George S. Lyon of Rosedale against the Toronto Club, including three such bowlers as Messrs. Laing, Cooper and Goldingham, must rank as the best performance of the cricket season. Harry Lucas, one of the Parkdale colts, in making 80 against North Toronto on the holiday, gave a fine performance. He is a very pretty bat, and in securing this score has probably overcome the nervousness which had heretofore prevented him "coming off" in good matches. On Monday Parkdale added two more victories to its long list of successes this season, beating North Toronto at home and Buffalo at Buffalo.

With uncovered heads the sailors stand. Many a smothered sob is heard as with arms encircling the dying boy the poor invalid rocks to and fro, speechless with grief. The sun, sinking below the water, casts a golden ray over them. The child stirs in the mother's arms, his eyes close to open again with a look of recognition. A smile comes over the little pinched face, a shudder over the form—he is dead.

And she? Clasping the dead child closer, she refuses to be parted from her darling, and croons a soft lullaby to ears now deaf to earthly music.

One by one the stars dot the blue dome above. The southern cross looks down in glittering majesty. Still the mother holds the dead child to her breast, impervious to entreaty or command. There the dawn finds her, but no longer does she croon her soothing lullaby. With gentle hands the sailors place them side by side, the little lad who hid in the great empty cask to be near his mother, and she, the mother, who knew, too late, the depth of her child's love.

Deep, deep in the depths of that calm blue sea the two sleep; far above in the star-lighted dome a myriad distant planets shed their silver light. On, on, the good ship Elsa steams, southward bound, two passengers the less, and sailors tell the story of "The Little Stowaway."

deal with, and perhaps it may have to deal with the Tecumsehs as well. Yet Cornwall has come forward since the opening of the season and is now able to give either of these clubs a busy two hours.

THE UMPIRE.

The Little Stowaway.

THE staunch steamer Elsa keeps her way steadily on through the blue waters of the Caribbean. Not a breath of air stirs, not a ripple disturbs the placid stillness of the sea, save the parting of the waters by the ship's bows. On, on, to the soft rippling music of the divided waters in

stately majesty the Elsa steams, like a living thing borne on the bosom of the azure sea, southward bound.

Among the passengers on the deck is a poor, pale consumptive, seeking the warmth and balmy breezes of the South. With closed eyes and thin transparent folded hands she sits, half dozing in the rays of the setting sun, drinking in its heat, to some of the passengers oppressive; basking in its glorious radiance, so grateful to her fast ebbing vitality.

Suddenly a cry of "Stowaway!" comes from below, and those passengers who are able rush forward; only the invalid remains, looking after them with great, dark, pathetic eyes.

It is not the form of a big, burly seaman which greets the eyes of the passengers as they push their way past the group of sailors gathered around an object, a motionless something on the lower deck. A little lad, thin, emaciated. A little lad with golden curls and wide-open, dark eyes—eyes that seemed strangely familiar to the passengers. A little lad with death-white face, stretched out on a seaman's rough coat—dying.

Suddenly a cry, heart-rending, agonizing. The poor consumptive is on her knees beside the dying child.

With uncovered heads the sailors stand. Many a smothered sob is heard as with arms encircling the dying boy the poor invalid rocks to and fro, speechless with grief. The sun, sinking below the water, casts a golden ray over them. The child stirs in the mother's arms, his eyes close to open again with a look of recognition. A smile comes over the little pinched face, a shudder over the form—he is dead.

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FIDELE H. HOLLAND.

Hamilton, Aug. 1896.

The Father—Is Charlie an expert rider yet? The Daughter—Quite enough so for me. He can ride with one hand.—*Pick-Me-Up.*

The Girl I Love.

For Saturday Night.



She's good as gold and pretty
As a rosebud dipped in dew;
She's good and oh, so witty!
Always saying something new;
She's good, but, more's the pity;
She's too good to be true. G. V. H.

Scotch Lullaby.*

AS SUNG BY EDWIN J. SIPPLE OF THE MOHICAN CANOE CLUB AND FRANK C. MOORE OF THE NEW YORK CANOE CLUB.

From the A. C. A. Year Book.

McPhairson swore a feud
Against the Clan McTavish,
And went into his land
To plunder and to ravish.
For he did resolve
To exterminate the vipers
With four and twenty men
And five and thirty pipers.

Chorus:

Oichan achan nuh,
Oichan achan nuh-h, (like bagpipes)
Oichan achan nuh,
Oichan achan nuh-h.

But when he had gone
Half way down Strath Canaan,
Of his fighting tail
Just were three remainin'.
That was all he got
To pack him in ta battle,
All to rest had gone
Off to drive ta cattle.

"Fery coot," cried Fairshon,
So my clan disgraced is.
Lads, we've got to fight
Before we touch ta beaties.
Here's McHi-Mac-Methusaleh
A-comin' wi' his farsals,
Gillies seventy-three
And sixty Dhumiwarsails.

"Coot tay to you, sir.
Are you not ta Fairshon?
Was you comin' here
To feesit any person?
You are a Plackguard, sir.
It is now six hundred
Coot long years and more
Since my Glen was plundert."

"Fat is tat you say?
Dare you cock your beaver?
I will teach you, sir,
What is coot behavior.
You shall not exist
For another day more.
I will stick you, sir.
Or strap you with my Claymore."

"I am fery glad
To learn what you mention,
Since I can prevent
Any such intention."
So McHi-Mac-Methusaleh
Gave six tremendous howls, (Yell!)
Drew his skian-dhu
An' stuck him in ta powels.

In this fery way
Tied ta faliant Fairshon,
Who I've always heard
Was a superior person.
Fairshon had a son
Who married Noah's daughter,
And almost spoiled ta flood
By trinkling up ta water.

Which he would have done,
I at least believe it
Had ta mixta peen,
Only half Glenlivet.
That is all my tale,
Sir's, I hope 'tis new tye,
Here's your fery coot healths
And taurn ta whusky duty.

*The singing of this song, and the chorus imitative of the bagpipes, joined in by everybody within hearing, is one of the treats of the A. C. A. meet.

Woman's Love.

A sentinel angel, sitting high in glory,
Heard this shrill wall ring out from purgatory:
"Have mercy, mighty angel! Hear my story:

"Love and, blind with passionate love, I fell;
Love brought me down to death, and death to hell—
For God is just, and death for sin is well.

"I do not rage against His high decree,
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be,
But for my love on earth, who mourns for me.

"Great spirit, let me see my love again,
And comfort him one hour, and love again
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then said the pitying angel: "Nay, repeat,
That wild vow. Look! the dial-finger's bent
Down to the last hour of thy punishment."

Bon Voyage.

N. Y. Truth,
Bon Voyage, Sweet. Of Lotus dreams no more
The turquoise shadows creep the sea-path o'er,
The mournful ripples whisper to the shore—
Bon Voyage, Sweet.

Bon Voyage, Sweet. Triumph in other lands;
Waiting his prize your titled buyer stands
Holding his bauble-price in pauper hands—
Bon Voyage, Sweet.

Bon Voyage, Sweet. May naught your triumph mar,
The cold, white breakers snite the harbor-bar,
Gray gulls, like wreaths of hopes are wheeling far—
Bon Voyage, Sweet.

EDWIN SANDYS.



A sleepless night the hotel man
Now passes until dawn,
For like Othello in the play,
His "occupation's gone."

HAVEZ.

the up-
In the ev-
gave a dinn-
ing commit-
Among the
ford, Justice
Mayor Flem-
Bland, Alder-
of Pittsburg
Mecharg, Ju-
Dr. Willard
of St. Louis
A. P. Cockbr-
Shaw, Mr. L-
dith, Mr. L-
Mr. James A-
General of I-
Mr. S. F. Mc-

The Beaumaris Regatta.

ALL day Sunday boats dotted the pretty bay opposite the Beaumaris Hotel, and the sharp "toot-toot" of the swift little steam launches proclaimed the arrival of new comers from all points on the Muskoka Lakes. When the golden gleams of the setting sun shone upon the little wooded islands they lit up scores of tents that had been thrown up by those who had come to see the Regatta on the morrow. By six o'clock every available space in the spacious hotel was taken and the conventional billiard-table was pressed into service, and for more than one. On Monday morning the scene was most brilliant and gay. Innumerable flags, both Canadian and American, and bright bunting fluttered above canoe, row-boat, yacht and steam launch. The saucy little launches puffed hither and thither, dragging after them long lines of row-boats and canoes, each well filled with pretty women and men intent on sport. Long before the time appointed for the races the spacious tennis lawn in front of the hotel, the wharf and the rocks about Solid Comfort Camp were thronged with merrily chatting groups of gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen, the majority of them wearing the emblem of the Association, a white flag surcharged with a maple leaf, bearing the letters M. L. A.

Sharp at ten o'clock the launch of Commodore Dr. E. Herbert Adams, who, by the way, worked like a Trojan, gave the warning whistle to clear the course and to prepare the yachts for the first race.

The course, three times around a triangle five miles in perimeter, could be seen the whole distance, thanks to the splendid arrangements of the committee. Soon the bay gleamed with white sails. Away in the distance could be seen the shining canvas of the large yachts, led by Mr. McMurrich's Upstart, closely pressed by Mr. B. Holland's Waif. A little closer were the sailing skiffs, bowling along before a stiff breeze, while in the foreground were the little canoes careering over the waves.

Many were the ludicrous and ridiculous situations in the paddling upset race, in which the canoe must be upset at a certain point, the water got out again by skillful maneuvering, and then getting into the canoe again the race must be finished without shipping any water. Mr. J. D. McMurrich won this in the record time of seven seconds.

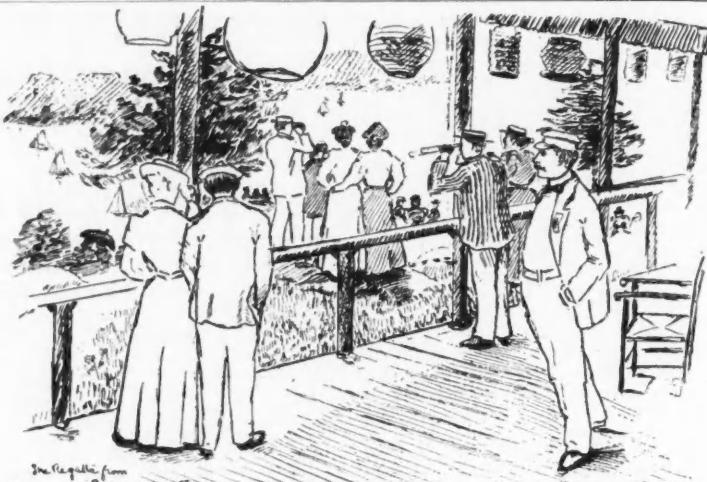
Most comical of all was the tilting tournament, in which a long pole with a boxing-glove tied to one end is used to upset the opponent. This was quite exciting. One young gentleman, noted in athletic circles for his dexterity and skill with the foils and broadsword,

There was a noticeable predominance of American flags, chiefly because the Canadian flags and Union Jacks were hard to procure, the majority of cottagers and campers at this point being Americans, and loyally they carry with them their Stars and Stripes wherever they go. The prizes were presented during the hop by Mayor Fleming and the donors of special prizes. Misses Harvey and Garthorne and the Misses Harvey of Hamilton, who won respectively the 1st and 2nd prizes in the ladies' tandem, and Misses Bland and Chapman and Misses Seabold and Shearer, 1st and 2nd in ladies' double scull, were loudly applauded as they stepped forth to receive their well won prizes.

Among those present at the At Home and regatta were: The members of the Solid Comfort Club, which, by the way, has the best appointed camp in the lakes; the members of the Sharon Club; Senator Sanford and party, consisting of Rev. D. Smith, Mrs. Smith, Miss Smith and Mrs. Green of Hamilton; Judge Meharg and James A. Stranahan of Pennsylvania, repre-



Ex-Mayor McMurrich and two American ladies watch the Regatta from the Judge's stand.



The Regatta from Beaumaris Hotel.

entered the contest and privately told me that he was sure of winning, and I thought that he would, but alas! the unsteady canoe does not offer the surest of footing. After a skillful parry and a wild lunge he and his paddler were most unceremoniously tumbled into the dark waters of Lake Muskoka amid the laughs of the spectators.

"Oh," said a fair young lady clad in blue, standing near me, "what a horrid wretch that man in the gray shirt is to tumble Willie into the water."

But the laughter became uproarious as the victor, turning to bow to the applauding onlookers, lost his balance and was soon swimming beside Willie, and after getting astride

Symons, George J. Castel, Hugh Neilson, S. F. McKinnon, Aubrey White, A. O. Beardmore, J. V. Eaton, J. S. McMurrich, Miss Temple, Miss Gertrude Temple, Miss Mamie Temple, Mr. A. N. Allen, Miss Temple, Mrs. Burn, Mrs. K. Leslie, Mr. T. McMurrich, Dr. Bridgeland, Mr. F. J. Phillips, Mr. Harton Walker, Mr. W. B. Taylor, Mr. R. L. Johnson, Miss Bell Lee of Chicago, Mr. W. M. Rundle, Mr. Geo. Hyslop, Mr. K. P. Dickson, Mr. George Cassels, Mr. E. Mitchell, Mr. Frederick Smiley, Mr. Thomas Morrison, Rev. Canon Bland, Mr. W. F. Montague, Dr. Capon, Mr. D'Arcy Tait, Mr. H. Fearman, Mrs. Fearman, Mr. F. W. Fearman, the Misses Harvie, Miss Gartshore and Miss Sibald, of Hamilton, Miss Mary McGill and Miss D. McGill of Petersburg, Va., Mr. A. P. Cockburn of Gravenhurst, Rev. F. McGuire of Bracebridge, Mr. E. Mickle of Gravenhurst, Mr. J. M. Duff of Guelph, Mr. H. Gummer of Guelph, Miss Murdoch, Mr. H. G. De Forest, Mr. B. G. Prince, Mr. E. Wyllie, the Misses Wyllie of Boston, Mass.

Altogether this has been the most successful regatta and At Home ever held on these lakes. The day was beautiful, and the Commodore went about with a broad smile of satisfaction. The arrangements and decorations were all that could be desired, and the ladies and gentlemen on the committees deserve great credit for their good work. Much praise is due Mr. E. Prowse for the way in which he and his assistants managed the throngs that besieged the hotel at all times of the day.

Generous Madame Carnot.

London Mail.

In spite of an excellent character, the brother of the man who assassinated the late President Carnot found it impossible to gain employment anywhere after the murder. At last, after having nearly starved in Paris, he "tramped" into Italy, where he succeeded in getting the post of porter in a monastery. All went well until one day the head of the chapter discovered his name and antecedents, when he was immediately dismissed. However, a gentleman who heard the story undertook to write to Mme. Carnot on Carrosier's behalf, and in return received a letter promising that he should have food and employment as long as she lived. It only remains to be said that Mme. Carnot was as good as her word, and that her strange protege is now a thriving and respected shopkeeper in Paris.

THE TWINS.

I WONDER if I dare. Surely, if I am very careful."

The woman who whispered these words stood at the foot of an elevated road station far up-town. She was gentle, slight and timid-looking, as she hesitated and deliberated. Her clothes were evidently of that shoddy ready-made class which one buys at bargain shops far down-town; her hair was waved and parted over a fair brow, slightly marked with nervous furrows; her penciled eyebrows and long lashes were fine and dark; her eyes utterly without sparkle and weary-looking, her delicate nose, with quivering nostrils, her sensitive mouth, thin-lipped and trembling over her whispered cogitations, all made a face half-sorrowful, half-tender.

Her hands were hard and marked by toil, but small, and her feet, in run-over boots, were swollen out of their naturally fine lines by weary standing.

As she stood, a man, full of evil looks and partly intoxicated, pushed against her. In a second her face flushed, her eyes hardened, the furrow on her brow deepened and she became a half-sorrowful, half-tender.

"Mind yourself, will you!" she snapped at him.

He answered with an oath and a laugh, and she glared at him like a very fury.

"Drunken beast!" she hissed, and stepped out upon the pavement with hate and malice in her face.

As she walked quickly east her brow relaxed, and gentleness stole again into her expression as she unfolded a scrap of paper torn from the morning journal and read as she walked:

"Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel Martyns give a party to-night to celebrate the birthday of their eldest son. Young Mr. Martyns last week returned from Europe, where he has been completing his education during the past five years, and attains his majority to-day."

The woman's face softened yet more.

"Teddie, little brother Teddie," she sighed, and replaced the slip of paper once more in her greasy pocketbook.

It was quite dark now. The evening was cloudy and she passed from under the gas-lamp, where she had paused to read her clipping, and hurried away into the gloom.

An hour later the wide doors of the Martyns residence swung open continually. Men and women flitted up the steps and disappeared behind the swinging doors, wherefrom were wafted a strain of music and a warm breath of perfumed air at every opening.

Out beyond the canopy stood a little knot of gapers, servant-maids and loafers, and a dressmaker's assistant watching for the arrival of a great lady whose gown she had helped to make.

Also, beyond these, stood the quiet woman in her shabby black cape and hat, watching the guests, the door, the house, catching her breath every time the light, and music, and fragrance streamed out.

When the crowd had grown tired and the carriages ceased to arrive, the policeman remarked. "Yez had better be movin', and walk away."

Everyone but the shabby woman followed him. She crept up under the awning, up to the very door, where plate glass, engraved with a crest and monogram, gave her a clear vision of the brilliant scene within.

She saw silken gowns flash by, with glitter of precious stones and beautiful, smiling faces, and tall men who looked their thoughts into laughing eyes, and presently she saw little Teddie, the hero of the night, with his foreign-cut brown beard just shading his little pointed chin, with his bright eyes and broad brow and delicate features. Ah, God! so like her own!

Tears streamed down her cheeks as she saw him, her body leaned forward, and her hands closed convulsively.

In five years of sin and shame she had touched no spring of sorrow like this. A terror seized her; she was suffering so exquisitely that she thought death must be near.

Only one idea filled her brain—to get away, not to be found upon that doo-Step—when some tardy guest came hurrying in to Teddie's birthday dance; his birthday—hers too—ah! hapless thought!

She sprang to her feet desperately and blindly ran down the steps, out upon the dark pavement—away—away—with a thousand red-hot irons on her heart; back to the train; back to the slums; to the slavery of work and sin, with but one great

resolve, that the shadow of her should never again fall upon the steps of her father's home!

As midnight struck, Teddie and his mother met in a corner of the beautiful drawing-room. On the fair brow of the silver-haired woman was a line of tension that made her son say softly, "Come away with me to your own room, mother darling."

They went into a small boudoir shut away from the guests by a heavy portiere and closed door.

The light shone full upon a portrait hanging over the mantel, a portrait of a school-girl of sixteen, the bright promise of the abject fulfillment who was even then crouching behind the pillars of the entrance porch.

The mother turned and put her hands upon her son's shoulders, and with quivering sobs whispered, "Where is she to-night?"

The young man, gently stroking her hair, said reverently, "With the angels in Heaven, dear mother," and they cried a little together and were comforted, and their faith saved them!

And she? Lying on her ragged bed, with the heavy breathing of a sleeper steeped in drink near her, was she not rather in hell? She thought so!

PINCE-NEZ.

Toronto, August, 1896.

"But he wouldn't rob you," said Mr. McKenna.

"Think of the purchasing power; you've got to always figure that out."

"A dollar you'd get then would be worth only half as much as it's worth now. It'd be a bum dollar, like they run through the ringer down in Mexico."

"How can wan dollar be worth on'y half as much as another dollar, if they're both dollars an' th' man that made them is at a la-ge?" answered Mr. Dooley. "Here's a dollar an' here's a dollar, Wan akela th' other. Now you take this here dollar an' come into my place. Give me a brandy an' sody, ye say. Thin what do I say?"

"You say you're just out of brandy and soda?"

"So I do; so I do. Thin you ask fr a little red eye with beer fr a chaser. An' I give it to ye. Ye lay down wan iv these here quartz dollars. I return 85 cents. Larkin comes in later, orhers th' same thing an' I give him th' same treatment. I play no favorites. Entainmunt fr man an' beast."

"But if we had free silver you'd charge 30 cents for the drink," said Mr. McKenna.

"I wud not," said Mr. Dooley hotly. "I never overcharged a man in my life, except durin' a campaign."

"No one accuses you of overcharging," explained Mr. McKenna. "Everybody would charge the same. It'd be the regular price."

"If it was," said Mr. Dooley, "they'd be a rivalution. But I don't believe it, Jawn. Let me tell ye wan thing, whisky is th' standard iv value. It never fluctuates, an' that's funny, too. Seein' that so much iv it goes down. It was seein' th' same price—15 cents a slug, two fr a quarther, durin' the war. The day before th' crime iv sivinty-three it was worth 15 cents; it was worth th' same th' day after. Gould an' silver fluctuates, up wan day, down another, but whisky stands firm an' strong, unchangeable as th' skies, immovable as a rock at fifteen or two fr a quarther. If they want something solid as a standard iv value, something that never is rajooiced in price, something ye can exchange fr food an' other luxuries anywhere in the civilized wurruld where man has a thirst, they'd move th' mint over to th' internal rivine office and leave it stay there."

Both Mr. Larkin and Mr. McKenna were diverted by this fancy.

"There's some good arguments on both sides iv th' quistion," said the Kerry man. "I heard a man br th' name of Doyle, a helper, compare money to th' human lungs."

"Th' lung argumint is all right," said Mr. Dooley. "Th' whole currency question is a matther iv lungs."

New Ideas.

BOWMANVILLE, Aug. 8, 1896.

To the Editor of Saturday Night:
Sir.—In to-day's issue of your paper you publish a letter written by me to the editor of the *Canadian Statesman* regarding the reduction of the town debt and some statements of your own in attempting to explain my letter. I answer to your communication.

I state that I never intended by my letter that the scheme suggested in my letter would apply only to

where Toronto; it is intended only for small towns where the debt is limited and can be cut down, with the sole object of making the rate of taxation lower. You state also that I never intended by my letter that the kind; that is the very smallest amount which we expect to realize, and if the picnic became an established custom I would expect to see several hundred dollars raised at each annual meeting. About the only compliment you pay me is the statement that my scheme is unique; it is not only unique, but it is only one of several schemes which I have thought of for reducing our taxation. We have been paying taxes for years here on property which is assessed for more than it is worth, and the possibility of getting rid of it is not only a good idea, but it is a good idea. The picnic will probably increase the debt, but if any person suggests any other method to reduce the debt these very wise people will probably tell him the suggestion of that kind, and probably tell him the suggestion has one-horse notions.

M. C. GALBRAITH.

It is but fair to print the above reply from Mr. Galbraith. He is right in one point, at least. There are more people who know how to increase a town debt than there are those who know how to reduce it. The necessary man, then, is the one who can devise ways of reducing debts—several ways, all as pleasant as picnics. The point we desire to suggest to Mr. Galbraith is that no picnic could be made to pay if its object became a jest, and the Bowmanville Taxpayers' Annual Reunion, at which men would assemble, drink colored lemonade, eat sandwiches and talk about taxes, might lure Mr. Galbraith and some of his cronies, but it would not suit the giddy generation that has come forward lately.

No News.

London Mail.

In spite of the Presidential campaign, news would seem to be scarce in some parts of America. This is how a Western paper, rejoicing in the name of *Spiketown Blizzard*, conveys to fill its space:

"Hot."
"Dusty."
"Items are scarce."

"We need a new town pump."
"Farmers were thick last Saturday."
"Read the *Blizzard* and keep yourself posted."

"Wonder what brings Hod Jones to our city so often?"

"Editor Crumlett of Pinkville visited our sanctum yesterday. Call again, Brother Crumlett. The latchstring is always out."

"The Spiketown Silver Cornet Band is learning to play a new piece. The boys are doing splendidly. That's right, boys. Keep it up."

"Miss Mamie Hunker of Perkins Junction is visiting ye editor's wife. Miss Mamie says the corn between here and the Junction is looking fine."

"Uncle Davy Harkins has our thanks for a splendid basket of early potatoes. They are the finest we have seen this season. Come often, Uncle."

"And this sort of thing continues for a column or two, the doings and sayings of the editor's youngest performing yeoman service when news is scarcer than usual."

His Way.

Pick-Me-Up.

Son and Heir—Pa, how do you spell "bicycles"?

Papa (a dealer in cycles)—Why "buy cycles."



Mr. Dudekins (proposing)—Mabel, you must be mine. Marry me, or I will blow out my brains!

Miss Mabel—May I offer you little Tommy's air gun?

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

STEAMSHIPS

SUMMER TOURS—Rich. and Ont. Nav. Co.—1000 Islands; Montreal, Saguenay, P. E. Island, Sydney, Halifax, St. John's, Newfoundland, New York, Detroit, Cleveland, Mackinac, and all ports reached by steamers. **Tours in all Directions.**

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Aller... Aug. 22 10 a.m., Soale... Sept. 3 10 a.m.

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Lahn... Sept. 1 10 a.m., Trave, Sept. 15 10 a.m.

New York, Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa

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Ems... Aug. 29 10 a.m., Werra... Sept. 19 10 a.m.

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AMERICAN LINE

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON (London—Paris)
St. Paul... Aug. 19 10 a.m., St. Louis... Sept. 2 10 a.m.

Paris... Aug. 26 10 a.m., St. Paul... Sept. 16 10 a.m.

New York, Aug. 29 10 a.m., Paris... Sept. 16 10 a.m.

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Anecdotal.

In the biography of Dr. Hawtrey, a famous English school-master, there is a description of his unkempt appearance, with a comment which has been greatly quoted. It is said that he was scolding, for being late at morning lesson, some boy who replied that he had no time to dress. "But I can dress in that time," said the doctor. "Yes," replied the boy, "but I wash."

A man, whom the circumstances of traveling caused to sit in the same seat with a young lady who was unusually friendly for a stranger, said, as he was leaving the car, "I thank you for a very pleasant chat, but I am afraid you would not have been so kind to me had you known I am a married man." "You haven't any advantage of me," promptly responded the young lady: "I am an escaped lunatic." And so, it turned out, she really was.

At a certain high school it is the custom to discuss briefly the morning's news before taking up the regular work of the day. One morning, not long ago, paper in hand, the teacher ascended to her desk. Before her were the bright young faces of those intrusted to her care. She spread the paper upon the desk, and glanced over the first page. "First of all," she said, "I see this heading: 'Pool Room Raided.'" She raised her head, and a note of deep feeling came into her voice. "Boys," she continued, "never touch a cue." There was not a dry eye in the house.

The late Judge Silas L. Bryan, the father of the Democratic Presidential candidate, was in the habit of supplying the preachers of all the different churches near his farm with flour, corn, hay and vegetables free of cost. One night, unseen himself, he saw a man emerge from the smoke-house with a side of pork on his shoulder. He recognized the intruder, but said nothing. A week afterward the fellow approached him, saying: "Judge, I understand you had some meat stolen from your smoke-house?" The old judge raised his hand deprecatingly and said: "S-s-h! No one on earth knows anything about that but you and me."

A detective officer tells a story in reference to the photographs circulated for the identification of a certain criminal. A murder had been committed in a busy northern town and a number of colotype portraits of the murderer were rapidly printed and circulated among the chief police centers, in the hope of securing an arrest. Now some colotype photographs show a marked variation in different developments from one negative. The surprise of the chief of the detective department may be imagined upon receipt of the following message from an office in London, where six duplicates of the portrait had been sent: "Have arrested five of the wanted men, and have every prospect of securing the sixth before night."

Here is a good story for the enemies of Philadelphia. A prominent lawyer of that venerable city was narrating to a younger advocate some of the delays and complications of a chancery suit in which he was engaged. "Bless me!" said the junior advocate, "I never heard of anything parallel to that except Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce." The other at once looked thoughtful and pretty soon, pleading an engagement, went off. The next morning he came into the younger man's office with an air of great vexation. "Look here!" he said. "Why can't you remember names accurately? Here I've spent the whole night trying to find that case of Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce that you mentioned, and there isn't any such case in the Pennsylvania law reports at all!"

During the Reign of Terror, David had Houdon, the sculptor, arrested, and wished to have him guillotined, as he had declared war against all the artists, his colleagues. Mme. Houdon went to Barrere and urged him to save her husband. "I see no way," Barrere said; "but tell me, for which of his works has he been imprisoned?" "For a statue of Saint Sebastea," said Mme. Houdon. "What does she look like?" "A fine woman, with a scrap of paper in her hand." At that moment entered Collot-d'Herbois. Barrere said to him: "Houdon has made a statue of Philosophy meditating on the Revolution; you must have it bought by the Assembly and placed in the room in front of the Assembly room, and declare that Houdon has deserved well of the country." This was done and Houdon was saved.

After the late George Law was graduated from Columbia College his father made him a driver on the Eighth avenue street cars in New York. One night, after a cold rain had chilled the young driver to the marrow, a college friend of his jumped on the car and suggested that a drink would be in order. On Fifty-Fifth street, midway between Eighth and Ninth avenues, there was a well known

sporting resort kept by an ex-boxing master of Columbia. Mr. Law's friend proposed that he stop the car while they ran down the street, hurriedly took a drink, and returned to the car. But Mr. Law preferred to follow his own ideas in the matter. Giving the horses a sudden yank, he turned them sharply toward Ninth avenue, and whipped them up until, by a quick effort, they lifted the car off the track. Over the cobbles the strong horses drew the car, to the amazement of the conductor and the passengers, and rattling down through the street, stopped in front of the saloon. Mr. Law alighted with his friend, and so did the rest of the passengers. After they had all taken a drink at the driver's expense, they returned to the vehicle, and the car again started its noisy progress over the stones. When it was again on the rails and the journey up Eighth avenue was resumed it was rather the worse for wear.

Between You and Me.

THE ladies were discussing the candid postal card. "They are both vulgar and impudent," said the rapid talker, "and I never read one. If anyone sends me one, I tear it up without reading it!" And she meant it, too. Just think of a prejudice like that! Now, while I don't always believe postal cards are the thing for instance, had I the honor of a correspondence with Queen Victoria I shouldn't use 'em, still their general employment is sanctioned by very high authority. William Ewart Gladstone, the Grand Old Man of England, scientist, statesman, *litterateur*, man of massive mind and facility incredible, is devoted to postal cards. I wonder would my imperative lady above mentioned make an exception in favor of such a sender? The postal card is a convenience for busy people which cannot be appreciated too highly. On it one can scrawl unimportant messages, words of cheer, little farewells and greetings, memoranda and business appointments in a moment of time. It is stamped and ready to post, and carries its news just as surely and satisfactorily as an enveloped and crested sheet of the thickest inland note. Then hurrah for the postal card, and long may it wave!

Summer time brings us the varied street calls which proclaim the vendor of berries, vegetables, fruits and fish. They are quite a study. Everyone knows the fly-paper man, with his discordant rhymed proclamation, but not everyone has found out his extraordinary faculty for stringing together doggerel answers to any question or remark addressed to him. I believe he can carry on a conversation for half an hour in chanted rhyme, which convulses his auditors, without any hesitation or stumbling. A berry and vegetable man has just gone down the street, singing in a queer intoned chant his huckleberry and tomato wares; the fish-man, with the air of the Grand Army still hanging about his big frame, sonorously sang his finny merchandise just as I waked up this morning; then came the fishman with the cracked voice, who suggests tears and complainings; then the milkman with the dinner-bell, who, in defiance of by-laws and powers, continues to ring it. I often wonder if he has ever heard it is against the law. Then two small boys who squall "vege-buddies" in high piercing notes, and a grandmother whose breadth of beam is stupendous. And so the music of the street goes on; the "nana man" that coaxing Dago John, who tells me his soldier brother was not killed in Abyssinia after all, but is to arrive here right away (John having sent him his passage money to Genoa), and is to be duly brought to see the "Signora," as John calls me; then the old organ-grinder, who knows as long as there's a shot in the locker he can wheeze it out of me by Papa-Won't-Buy-Me-a-Bow-wow, or Paradise Alley, and lastly the scissors-grinder, who now drives about in a covered wagon and plays wondrous bugle calls to remind one that one's knives and shears need sharpening. The music of the streets contains many a minor note. The shriek of the little one, enraged or ill-used, the whine of the hapless dog in collision with a brick-bat, the oath of the teamster and the shrill scold of the shrew. Then it has its rousing tones; the tang-bang of the fire-bell, the trill of the bicycle-gong, the warning ring of the trolley, the sharp tack of four hoofs on the asphalt, the rattle and roar of the street cars. One gets so used to them all that they don't mean distinct things, only one great voice that wears out the nerves with its din and makes us die before our proper time.

A visiting foreigner now in Toronto rode with me up and down the principal streets and made a good many clever observations on what we saw. When the ride was over he said: "One thing I must say, not in any city in England or America, certainly not on the Continent, have I admired the lady cyclists as I do those of Toronto. The neatness and modesty of their dress, their erect carriage and their graceful pedaling are a pattern to the whole world." And the foreigner pointed to a delicate-featured girl in a tweed skirt, blue shirt-waist and sailor hat, who was really a picture on her bicycle. "See you that lady," he said emphatically. "What dignity! What ease! Truly, Toronto is the home of pretty wheelwomen." That lady was a little shop-girl, to whom we all owe thanks for courtesy, and the foreigner went away believing her to be one of the gilded upper ten. She is something far superior—one of nature's gentlewomen.

"If there's anything I do like," says Dun-dreary, "it's one thing more than another," which sounds like nonsense, but is quite sensible truth. One thing more than another lifts us from a dead level; one thing more than another gives flavor to life. One thing more than another is love's young dream, maternity's joy, ambition's goal, and all the great things we strive for. Therefore we need not laugh any more at the greatest ass on the stage, but rather agree with him in "liking one thing more than another." **LADY GAY.**

Open as Day.

It is given to every physician, the formula of Scott's Emulsion being no secret, but no successful imitation has ever been offered to the public. Only years of experience and study can produce the best.

Sixteen to One.



Dora—I had sixteen teeth filled to-day with silver.
Cora—Why not have another one filled with gold?

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every photographic study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

CYCLOSTELE.—Your idea about a patron saint for cyclists may afford comfort to some devout souls, and Saint Gertrude will no doubt be invoked with enthusiasm in case of impending tumbles and collisions. For my own part, I have all I can do to look out for the butcher boys, baby-cabs, new women and other terrors.

OPAL.—Your chief weakness is lack of development, and you'll get over that in due time. You are assertive, level-headed, logical, and rather tenacious. You have pretty good purpose, and good sequence of ideas, but lack reserve and discretion. I think you like to talk, but your talk is generally sensible. You have some humor and an excellent opinion of yourself.

BEAUTE.—Your idea about a patron saint for cyclists may afford comfort to some devout souls, and Saint Gertrude will no doubt be invoked with enthusiasm in case of impending tumbles and collisions. For my own part, I have all I can do to look out for the butcher boys, baby-cabs, new women and other terrors.

BITTER SWEET.—I think most people of leisure agree with you and prefer remaining at home on public holidays. 2. Your writing shows honor, self-respect, and decision; deliberate and careful method, thought and discretion. I don't think the writer will ever let her heart rule her head. She is not a logician, but is calm and calculating, where many would let impulse drive them. The study is worthy of respect for many noble lines, though it is lacking in snap and magnetism.

FLORENZA.—You are somewhat inclined to crankiness, a little sharp in temper, and keen in criticism; very much disposed to theorize, analyze, and perhaps tyrannize. Your method is direct and uncompromising. There is plenty of energy, sometimes wasted, and a lack of finish and concentration. You are careful in details, not very sentimental, very discreet and admirably able to take care of yourself. I see no reason why you should not make a poor man's wife and a happy home. Let the poor man have a soul of his own, I beg of you.

CALIFORNIA.—This study is careful, deliberate and wavering: the impulses are varied and result in lessening of the force which should be available. I fancy the writer is rather young. She has good sequence of ideas, is practical rather than romantic, good-tempered and disposed to take life easily. Ambition is shown, but care and concentration are rather lacking. I think the writer has a good many shadowy schemes and plans, and is discreet both in word and action, with some facility and love of pretty things.

A PAIR OF BLUE EYES.—I have not time to look up that quotation to-day, but will give it to you later. My impression is that it's Shakespearean. 2. Saint Genevieve was born at Nauterre, a hamlet four miles from Paris, in 422. She was a holy virgin, and through her help and good offices on behalf of the city in time of war and peril, came to be made the patron saint of Paris, where her shrine now is. Your writing is not formed, and I am sure a delineation at present would not please you. So many allowances would have to be made and so many traits modified. In fact, one cannot find character which isn't shown.

MISSTYME.—If you detest farm life, and your intended loves it, do try to make a match of it. Why should you put yourself against your natural instincts? You don't know what harm and hindrance to your development may ensue. Never mind advising the young man to seek someone else. He'll do it fast enough, I dare say. Just say you can't face the future on the present impulse, and no more. Your writing shows a good deal of adaptability, a delicate-featured girl in a tweed skirt, blue shirt-waist and sailor hat, who was really a picture on her bicycle. "See you that lady," he said emphatically. "What dignity! What ease! Truly, Toronto is the home of pretty wheelwomen." That lady was a little shop-girl, to whom we all owe thanks for courtesy, and the foreigner went away believing her to be one of the gilded upper ten. She is something far superior—one of nature's gentlewomen.

"If there's anything I do like," says Dun-dreary, "it's one thing more than another," which sounds like nonsense, but is quite sensible truth. One thing more than another lifts us from a dead level; one thing more than another gives flavor to life. One thing more than another is love's young dream, maternity's joy, ambition's goal, and all the great things we strive for. Therefore we need not laugh any more at the greatest ass on the stage, but rather agree with him in "liking one thing more than another." **LADY GAY.**

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Any one fond of flower-paintings will find much to admire in a number of water-colors—many of them roses—by Mr. Henry Martin, now in the Matthews Gallery, Yonge street. The arrangement is artistic and simple, consisting in the choice of a vase in harmony with the flowers, which are given with a freshness and directness that are very delightful. Mr. Martin has been less successful with the white lilies, which have not the dazzling purity of their originals, too gray; but the magnificent crimson roses are beautiful in color, and a bunch of creamy pink ones in a light vase are well grouped. In every case the backgrounds are most successful, given in broad washes of just the right tone.

Abel Hold, the English artist, who died recently at the age of eighty-one years, began his artistic career by painting show cloths depicting freaks, wild animals and battle scenes for showmen. From 1849 to 1871 he was an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and it was his boast that he never had a picture rejected. It is estimated that in the course of his long life he painted no less than 3,000 pictures, most of which represented animals and birds.

A Toronto girl, after some time spent in Paris and London, writes from the latter city to a friend here a few impressions of the *Salon* and the Academy. "We saw the *Salon* of the Champs-Elysées, which, to my way of thinking, is unusually poor this year. The statuary I liked, even though all the figures are contorted out of all semblance to nature. One or two of the pieces were, however, quite classical and full of repose and beauty, and the portrait busts are clever. The pictures, I thought, showed only a desire to gain notoriety by being as *outre* as possible. Of course I am no judge, but it occurred to me that all the painters were painfully aware of their own lack of originality and artistic talent, so sought to make up for it in crudity of color, technical skill, and either absurdity or terribleness of subject. But, even after that, the *Salon* contains nothing but *chefs-d'œuvre* when one views those awful things exhibited in the Academy. There, the people don't even know how to paint, and I saw not one original painting. Of course there were Tadema and Watts, neither of whom I can like, and one or two unfinished pieces of Lord Leighton's that were nice. There is a little exhibition of Pre-Raphaelites in Regent street that I enjoyed so much. One of King David by Leighton that is splendid, and others by Rosetti, Holman Hunt, Madox Brown, Burne-Jones, that are most interesting and attractive. I had never seen any of these before and was not prepared to like them so much. Of course they are eccentric, but full of meaning and earnestness, and at least well painted, and one feels they could draw if they wanted to."

"Art," says Holman Hunt, in his recently published Romanes lecture at Oxford, "is the handwriting of a nation." He does not think much of the "handwriting" of the realistic—chiefly foreign—school, which he roundly denounces.

Professor Thomas Egleston of Columbia University has presented to Trinity church in New York a jeweled communion chalice in memory of his wife. It is nine inches high, with a bowl four and three-eighths inches in diameter, and is fashioned almost entirely out of gems and their settings, the precious stones having been collected by Professor Egleston himself in different parts of the world, and worn by his wife during her lifetime. Professor Egleston is a mineralogist, and many of the stones are unique specimens.

The West is already beginning to waken up to the importance of mural decoration, and now the new Peoria library is in the hands of two Chicago artists, Mr. H. G. Maratta and Mr. F. C. Peraud, who have completed designs for the various rooms. The landscape is in delicate, flat tints, and the allegorical figures represent Education, Art, Literature, Music, Poetry, and the like. In the stair-well is to be a large panel containing a fine view of the Illinois Valley as seen from Prospect Heights.

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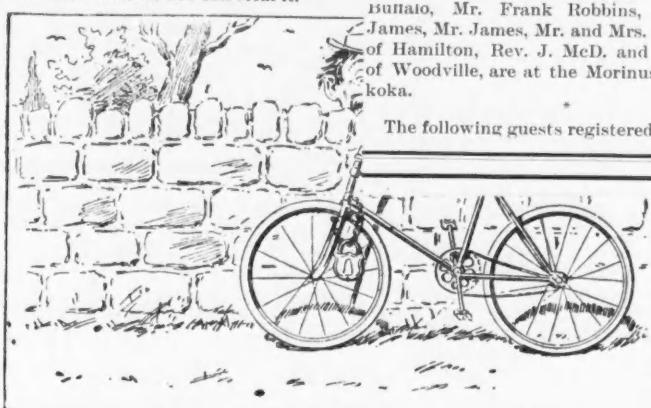
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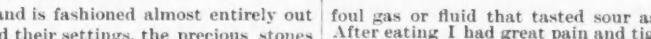


Bunyai, Mr. Frank Robbins, Mr. James, Mr. James, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Hamilton, Rev. J. McD. and Mr. Woodville, are at the Morinus Hotel.

The following guests registered at the



Tramp—"Hello! What's dis? A bike as sure as you live, wid de front wheel locked! Dat's meat for me, sure."



I guess dat feller what left de wheel didn't know dat I uster belong to de circus.

diameter, and is fashioned almost entirely out of gems and their settings, the precious stones having been collected by Professor Egleston himself in different parts of the world, and worn by his wife during her lifetime. Professor Egleston is a mineralogist, and many of the stones are unique specimens.

foul gas or fluid that tasted sour as vinegar. After eating I had great pain and tightness in the chest, back, and between the shoulders, with a choking feeling in the throat. As time went on I grew weaker and weaker, through the complete lack of nourishment, until I could hardly follow my work. I tried all sorts of medicines I could hear tell of, but none of them did me any good.

"In June (1883) I was so run down and feeble I feared I should have to give up altogether. I was under a doctor for several weeks, but his medicine did me no good; I kept getting worse and worse. At last, in July of the same year, my mates at the Marsh Iron Works, where I was employed, told me about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and urged me to give it a trial. I got a bottle, and after I had taken it a few days I felt a great improvement. My bowels acted naturally, as they had not previously done for twenty years; my food agreed with me, and I felt as if a load had been lifted off me. Continuing to take the Syrup, I gained strength rapidly, and have been in the best of health ever since. You will believe me when I say that I now recommend this remedy to everybody who suffers from the same complaint. You are welcome to publish my statement. Yours truly, (Signed) John Stafford, 15 Spa Terrace, Marsh Lane, Preston, October 11th, 1883."

Indigestion is primarily a disease of the stomach and constipation is one of its results. On account of the torpidity of the liver (an accompaniment of indigestion), little or no bile is poured into the bowels, and the fluids of the intestines being dried up by the feverish action there, the partly digested stuff from the stomach becomes hard and solid in the lower bowel, and clogs it. Then it furnishes, puncturing all the evils from which our friend suffered. Seigel's Syrup cured him by setting things right at the source of trouble. We congratulate Mr. Stafford on his escape; it was narrow enough for the strongest and boldest.

The scales will tell him he weighs more than he has in twenty years; his feelings tell him that he could stand on an egg and not break it.

Maud—I hear Miss Mannish is so ill she has been obliged to give up hunting. What is the matter with her?

Ethel—The doctor says that she has a tobacco heart.

Domes, Bubbles and Eggshells.

Seen from a distance on a fine day the dome of St. Paul's looks as light as a soap bubble; and if it could talk, it would tell you it feels as light, for the mighty strength of the great church carries it as a man carries a baby on his shoulder. Yet it weighs—how much do you fancy!

A woman stood in the doorway awaiting the return of her husband. He had left home with a heavy load of anxiety on his mind. Presently she saw him coming. Matters had been satisfactorily adjusted; she knew by his face. Walking quickly up to her, he said—not loudly, but gently, with pauses between his words: "Wife, if you should heap a bushel of eggs that door—I feel I could run over them and not break one."

This is in the line of universal experience. Women—so far as it concerns the human body at least—is not determined by the scales, but by sensation.

We beg to introduce Mr. John Stafford, who says, "I feel as if a heavy load had been lifted off me."

"For over twenty years," he adds, "I had suffered from obstinate indigestion and constipation. For more than a week at a time I would never have my bowels moved."

The reader is an intelligent person, doubtless. Consider Mr. Stafford's statement, then, for a moment, let us put the fact in plain English. His intestines were full of festering rotteness; they were like a stagnant morass, breeding disease and death. The poisons engendered by so vile an accumulation are absorbed by the tissues, pass into the blood, and infest every organ and part of the system. If not relieved, the victim will die—poisoned by the products of his own machinery. It is as horrible as the Black Hole of Calcutta, and common as weeds in a neglected garden.

We are, therefore, prepared to hear him say: "I always had a bad taste in my mouth, my tongue and teeth being covered with a sticky, slimy matter. I was constantly belching up a

A Journalistic Failure.

Chicago Post.

The editor of the *Daily Sensationalist* was angry.

"How does it happen," he demanded of his assistant, "that you fell down so miserably in writing up the latest presidential candidate?"

"I didn't know I had," replied the assistant in surprise. "I was under the impression that we had tackled him from about every possible viewpoint."

"Nonsense! You overlooked just what the people are most deeply interested in."

"I had a talk with his business associates about his business ability," protested the assistant. "Then I had a short article from his father about the first time he took him to the woodshed to convince him of the folly of disobedience, a few lines from his mother about how he learned to talk, a long screed from his stenographer about his office methods, an interview with his son about his methods of correction, chats with all his neighbors and a little something from nearly every tradesman with whom he deals about his system of paying or standing off bills."

"And yet," said the editor impressively, "you had not a word from his cook about what he eats and how he likes it cooked."

The assistant started.

"Great Scott!" he cried. "How did I ever come to overlook anything so important as that?"

"And you didn't have a line from his coachman giving a study of his character from the standpoint of a horse; nor did I find a dissertation by any of his servants on his table manners."

The assistant felt that he had made the mis-



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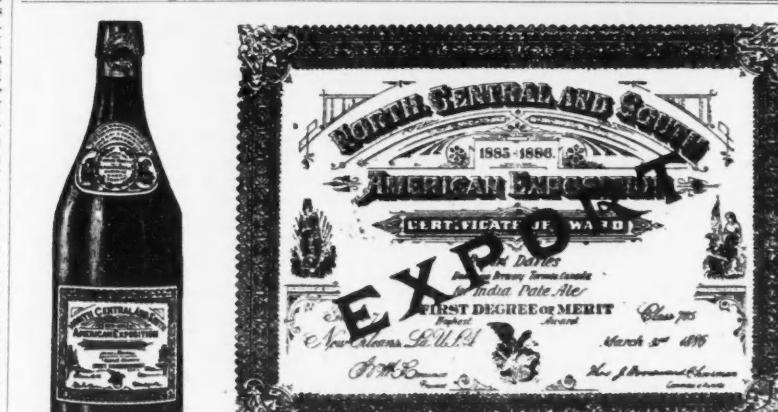
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take of a life-time, but he could only sit still and listen to his chief's terrible arraignment.

"There is no interview with his wife's maid on her sunny disposition," continued the editor, "and I can find nothing from her dressmaker about her wonderful taste. The janitor of his office building has been unaccountably overlooked, and the dogcatcher for that district has not been asked for an estimate of his character. His favorite bootblack, too."

But the assistant handed in his resignation without waiting to hear any more.

Correct Wear for Men.

The Duke of York is wearing a straw hat made in the Alpine shape, and men who keep abreast of the fashion in their dress are wondering whether it is going to become the proper thing for summer wear. When Walter Damrosch returned from Europe last summer, he wore such a hat, but it was regarded as a freak "made in Germany." Since then, a few men have been seen wearing such a head-covering in New York, but it is improbable that the hat will be generally worn. The material of which it is made is entirely incongruous with its shape. Still incongruity did not make the combination of colored shirt and white collar im-

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Anecdotal.

In the biography of Dr. Hawtrey, a famous English school-master, there is a description of his unkempt appearance, with a comment which has been greatly quoted. It is said that he was scolding, for being late at morning lesson, some boy who replied that he had no time to dress. "But I can dress in that time," said the doctor. "Yes," replied the boy, "but I wash."

A man, whom the circumstances of traveling caused to sit in the same seat with a young lady who was unusually friendly for a stranger, said, as he was leaving the car, "I thank you for a very pleasant chat, but I am afraid you would not have been so kind to me had you known I am a married man." "You haven't any advantage of me," promptly responded the young lady; "I am an escaped lunatic." And so, it turned out, she really was.

At a certain high school it is the custom to discuss briefly the morning's news before taking up the regular work of the day. One morning, not long ago, paper in hand, the teacher ascended to her desk. Before her were the bright young faces of those intrusted to her care. She spread the paper upon the desk, and glanced over the first page. "First of all," she said, "I see this heading: 'Pool Room Raided.'" She raised her head, and a note of deep feeling came into her voice. "Boys," she continued, "never touch a cue." There was not a dry eye in the house.

The late Judge Silas L. Bryan, the father of the Democratic Presidential candidate, was in the habit of supplying the preachers of all the different churches near his farm with flour, corn, hay and vegetables free of cost. One night, unseen himself, he saw a man emerge from the smoke-house with a side of pork on his shoulder. He recognized the intruder, but said nothing. A week afterward the fellow approached him, saying: "Judge, I understand you had some meat stolen from your smoke-house?" The old judge raised his hand deprecatingly and said: "S-s-h! No one on earth knows anything about that but you and me."

A detective officer tells a story in reference to the photographs circulated for the identification of a certain criminal. A murder had been committed in a busy northern town and a number of collotype portraits of the murderer were rapidly printed and circulated among the chief police centers, in the hope of securing an arrest. Now some collotype photographs show a marked variation in different developments from one negative. The surprise of the chief of the detective department may be imagined upon receipt of the following message from an office in London, where six duplicates of the portrait had been sent: "Have arrested five of the wanted men, and have every prospect of securing the sixth before night."

Here is a good story for the enemies of Philadelphia. A prominent lawyer of that venerable city was narrating to a younger advocate some of the delays and complications of a chancery suit in which he was engaged. "Bless me!" said the junior advocate, "I never heard of anything parallel to that except Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce." The other at once looked thoughtful and pretty soon, pleading an engagement, went off. The next morning he came into the younger man's office with an air of great vexation. "Look here!" he said. "Why can't you remember names accurately? Here I've spent the whole night trying to find that case of Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce that you mentioned, and there isn't any such case in the Pennsylvania law reports at all!"

During the Reign of Terror, David had Houdon, the sculptor, arrested, and wished to have him guillotined, as he had declared war against all the artists, his colleagues. Mme. Houdon went to Barrere and urged him to save her husband. "I see no way," Barrere said; "but tell me, for which of his works has he been imprisoned?" "For a statue of Saint Scolastica," said Mme. Houdon. "What does she look like?" "A fine woman, with a scrap of paper in her hand." At that moment entered Collot-d'Herbois. Barrere said to him: "Houdon has made a statue of Philosophy meditating on the Revolution; you must have it bought by the Assembly and placed in the room in front of the Assembly room, and declare that Houdon has deserved well of the country." This was done and Houdon was saved.

After the late George Law was graduated from Columbia College his father made him a driver on the Eighth avenue street cars in New York. One night, after a cold rain had chilled the young driver to the marrow, a college friend of his jumped on the car and suggested that a drink would be in order. On Fifty-Fifth street, midway between Eighth and Ninth avenues, there was a well known

sporting resort kept by an ex-boxing master of Columbia. Mr. Law's friend proposed that he stop the car while they ran down the street, hurriedly took a drink, and returned to the car. But Mr. Law preferred to follow his own ideas in the matter. Giving the horses a sudden yank, he turned them sharply toward Ninth avenue, and whipped them up until, by a quick effort, they lifted the car off the track. Over the cobbles the strong horses drew the car, to the amazement of the conductor and the passengers, and rattling down through the street, stopped in front of the saloon. Mr. Law alighted with his friend, and so did the rest of the passengers. After they had all taken a drink at the driver's expense, they returned to the vehicle, and the carriage started its noisy progress over the stones. When it was again on the rails and the journey up Eighth avenue was resumed it was rather the worse for wear.

Between You and Me.

THE ladies were discussing the candid postal card. "They are both vulgar and impudent," said the rapid talker, "and I never read one. If anyone sends me one, I tear it up without reading it!" And she meant it, too. Just think of a prejudice like that! Now, while I don't always believe postal cards are the thing (for instance, had I the honor of a correspondence with Queen Victoria I shouldn't use 'em), still their general employment is sanctioned by very high authority. William Ewart Gladstone, the Grand Old Man of England, scientist, statesman, *litterateur*, man of massive mind and facility incredible, is devoted to postal cards. I wonder would my imperative lady above mentioned make an exception in favor of such a sender? The postal card is a convenience for busy people which cannot be appreciated too highly. On it one can scrawl unimportant messages, words of cheer, little farewells and greetings, memoranda and business appointments in a moment of time. It is stamped and ready to post, and carries its news just as surely and satisfactorily as an enveloped and crested sheet of the thickest inland note. Then hurrah for the postal card, and long may it wave!

Summer time brings us the varied street calls which proclaim the vendor of berries, vegetables, fruits and fish. They are quite a study. Everyone knows the fly-paper man, with his discordant rhymed proclamation, but not everyone has found out his extraordinary faculty for stringing together doggerel answers to any question or remark addressed to him. I believe he can carry on a conversation for half an hour in chanted rhyme, which convulses his auditors, without any hesitation or stumbling. A berry and vegetable man has just gone down the street, singing in a queer intoned chant his huckleberry and tomato wares; the fish-man, with the air of the Grand Army still hanging about his big frame, sonorously sang his funny merchandise just as I waked up this morning; then came the fishman with the cracked voice, who suggests tears and complainings; then the milkman with the dinner-bell, who, in defiance of by-laws and powers, continues to ring it. I often wonder if he has ever heard it against the law. Then two small boys who squall "vege-buddies" in high piercing notes, and a grandmother whose breadth of beam is stupendous. And so the music of the street goes on; the 'nana man—that coaxing Dago John, who tells me his soldier brother was not killed in Abyssinia after all, but is to arrive here right away (John having sent him his passage money to Genoa), and is to be duly brought to see the "Signora," as John calls me; then the old organ-grinder, who knows as long as there's a shot in the locker he can wheedle it out of me by Papa-Won't-Buy-Me-a-Bow-wow, or Paradise Alley, and lastly the scissors-grinder, who now drives about in a covered wagon and plays wondrous bugle calls to remind one that one's knives and shears need sharpening. The music of the streets contains many a minor note. The shriek of the little one, enraged or ill-used, the whine of the hapless dog in collision with a brick-bat, the oath of the teamster and the shrill scold of the shrew. Then it has its rousing tones; the tang-bang of the fire-bell, the trill of the bicycle-gong, the warning ring of the trolley, the sharp tack of four hoofs on the asphalt, the rattle and roar of the street cars. One gets so used to them all that they don't mean distinct things, only one great voice that wears out the nerves with its din and makes us die before our proper time.

A visiting foreigner now in Toronto rode with me up and down the principal streets and made a good many clever observations on what we saw. When the ride was over he said: "One thing I must say, not in any city in England or America, certainly not on the Continent, have I admired the lady cyclists as I do those of Toronto. The neatness and modesty of their dress, their erect carriage and their graceful pedaling are a pattern to the whole world." And the foreigner pointed to a delicate-featured girl in a tweed skirt, blue shirt-waist and sailor hat, who was really a picture on her bicycle. "See you that lady," he said emphatically. "What dignity! What ease! Truly, Toronto is the home of pretty wheelwomen." That lady was a little shop-girl, to whom we all owe thanks for courtesy, and the foreigner went away believing her to be one of the gilded upper ten. She is something far superior—one of nature's gentlewomen.

"If there's anything I do like," says Dunphy, "it's one thing more than another," which sounds like nonsense, but is quite sensible truth. One thing more than another lifts us from a dead level; one thing more than another gives flavor to life. One thing more than another is love's young dream, maternity's joy, ambition's goal, and all the great things we strive for. Therefore we need not laugh any more at the greatest ass on the stage, but rather agree with him in "liking one thing more than another."

LADY GAY.

Open as Day.

It is given to every physician, the formula of Scott's Emulsion being no secret; but no successful imitation has ever been offered to the public. Only years of experience and study can produce the best.

Sixteen to One.



Dora—I had sixteen teeth filled to-day with silver.

Cora—Why not have another one filled with gold?

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every photographic study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Photographic studies must consist of at least six pieces of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scrapes or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

CYCLISTE.—Your idea about a patron saint for cyclists may afford comfort to some devout souls, and Saint Gertrude will no doubt be invoked with enthusiasm in case of impending tumbles and collisions. For my own part, I have all I can do to look out for the butcher boys, baby-cabs, new women and other terrors.

BEAUTY.—I have nothing to do with the things you mention. Arsenic will for a time give you a brilliant complexion, but very shortly you will be hideous. 2. It is quite proper for you to visit any part of the Island alone in the daytime. If you go alone after dark, you take one chance in one hundred of being accosted. The crowd is decent and women are respected.

BITTER SWEET.—I think most people of leisure agree with you and prefer remaining at home on public holidays. 2. Your writing shows honor, self-respect, and decision; a deliberate and careful method, thought and discretion. I don't think the writer will ever let her heart rule her head. She is not a logician, but is calm and calculating where many would let impulse drive them. The study is worthy of respect for many noble lines, though it is lacking in snap and magnetism.

FLORENZA.—You are somewhat inclined to crankiness, a little sharp in temper, and keen in criticism; very much disposed to theorize, analyze, and perhaps tyrannize. Your method is direct and uncompromising. There is plenty of energy, sometimes wasted, and a lack of finish and concentration. You are careful in details, not very sentimental, very discreet and admirably able to take care of yourself. I see no reason why you should not make a poor man's wife and a happy home. Let the poor man have a soul of his own, I beg of you.

CALIFORNIA.—This study is careful, deliberate and wavering; the impulses are varied and result in lessening of the force which should be available. I fancy the writer is rather young. She has good sequence of ideas, is practical rather than romantic, good-tempered and disposed to take life easily. Ambition is shown, but care and concentration are rather lacking. I think the writer has a good many shadowy schemes and plans, and is discredited both in word and action, with some facility and love of pretty things.

A PAIR OF BLUE EYES.—I have not time to look up that quotation to-day, but will give it to you later. My impression is that it's Shakespearean. 2. Saint Genevieve was born at Nauterre, a hamlet four miles from Paris, in 422. She was a holy virgin, and through her help and good offices on behalf of the city in time of war and peril, came to be made the patron saint of Paris, where her shrine now is. Your writing is not formed, and I am sure a delineation at present would not please you. So many allowances would have to be made and so many traits modified. In fact, one cannot find character which isn't shown.

MIS QUEEER.—If you detest farm life, and your intended loves it, do try to make a match of it. Why should you put yourself against your natural instincts? You don't know what harm and hindrance to your development may ensue. Never mind advising the young man to seek someone else. He'll do it fast enough, I dare say. Just say you can't face the future on the present impulse, and no more. 2. Your writing shows a good deal of adaptability, a rather sketchy mind, neat and precise ways and

for word and action, with some facility and love of pretty things.

MISS QUEER.—Coud I show you a few goods,

Mr. Rosenbaum! Rosenbaum—Py heavens!

You missed a big order py nod gedding here a liddle sooner. I shd ist dis minute failed!—Puck.

Temperature Advocate—I am sorry to hear

you have been drink king of late; remember that there is a limit to the pleasures of a public-house.

Gardener—Very well, sir, I'll go to a brewery.—Sketch.

"For, of all sad words of tongue or pen," he murmured, "the saddest are these: 'It might have been!' " Young Spooner's lips quivered.

"You've never heard a girl say 'Nit,' have you?" he muttered sadly.—Puck.

Mr. Gilbert Parker has recently completed

the manuscript of a new short serial story

entitled Cummer's Son. Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe & Company have nearly ready his new novel, The Pomp of the Lavlettes.

First Wheelman—I always get rattled when

I see a woman crossing the street ahead of me.

Second Wheelman—So do I. They have so

many pins in their clothes that if a fellow col-

ides with them he is almost sure to puncture a

New York Times.

Gun in hand, Robinson Crusoe surveyed the

prostrate savage with an air of dignified

benignity. "You shall be my man Friday," he said decisively.

The muscles in the back of the dusky one

quivered, as if to indicate that the arrange-

ment, as it stood, was not wholly satisfactory.

"That's all very well," he said, "but who's

going to be your man the rest of the week?"—

Pick-Me-Up.

Harvest Excursions.

In order to give everyone an opportunity to

see the grand crops in the Western States and

enable the intending settler to secure a home.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. has ar-

ranged to run series of harvest excursions to

South and North Dakota, and to other States in

the West, North-west and Southwest on the

following dates: July 21, August 4 and 18, Sep-

tember 1, 15, 29 and October 6 and 20, at the low-

rate of two dollars more than ONE FARRE for the

round trip. Tickets will be good for return on

any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days

from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and

further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address Edson J. Weeks, General Agent N. Y. C. & H. R. R., 1 Exchange street, Buffalo.

California Tokay.

California Tokay, a delicious pure sweet red

wine. Do not confuse this with so-called tokay

unfermented temperance beverages now being

offered on the market. Our price is \$2.50 per

gallon, or 50 cents per bottle. Mara's, 70 and

Aug. 15, 1896

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

9



Anyone fond of flower-paintings will find much to admire in a number of water-colors—many of them roses—by Mr. Henry Martin, now in the Matthews Gallery, Yonge street. The arrangement is artistic and simple, consisting in the choice of a vase in harmony with the flowers, which are given with a freshness and directness that are very delightful. Mr. Martin has been less successful with the white lilies, which have not the dazzling purity of their originals, too gray; but the magnificent crimson roses are beautiful in color, and a bunch of creamy pink ones in a light vase are well grouped. In every case the backgrounds are most successful, given in broad washes of just the right tone.

Abel Hold, the English artist, who died recently at the age of eighty-one years, began his artistic career by painting show cloths depicting freaks, wild animals and battle scenes for showmen. From 1849 to 1871 he was an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and it was his boast that he never had a picture rejected. It is estimated that in the course of his long life he painted no less than 3,000 pictures, most of which represented animals and birds.

A Toronto girl, after some time spent in Paris and London, writes from the latter city to a friend here a few impressions of the *Salon* and the *Academy*. "We saw the *Salon* of the Champs-Elysées, which, to my way of thinking, is unusually poor this year. The statuary I liked, even though all the figures are contorted out of all semblance to nature. One or two of the pieces were, however, quite classical and full of repose and beauty, and the portrait busts are clever. The pictures, I thought, showed only a desire to gain notoriety by being *outre* as possible. Of course I am no judge, but it occurred to me that all the painters were painfully aware of their own lack of originality and artistic talent, so sought to make up for it in crudity of color, technical skill, and either absurdity or terribleness of subject. But, even after that, the *Salon* contains nothing but *chef-d'œuvre* when one views those awful things exhibited in the *Academy*. There, the people don't even know how to paint, and I saw not one original painting. Of course there were Tadema and Watts, neither of whom I can like, and one or two unfinished pieces of Lord Leighton's that were nice. There is a little exhibition of Pre-Raphaelites in Regent street that I enjoyed so much. One of King David by Leighton that is splendid, and others by Rosetti, Holman Hunt, Madox Brown, Burne-Jones, that are most interesting and attractive. I had never seen any of these before and was not prepared to like them so much. Of course they are eccentric, but full of meaning and earnestness, and at least well painted, and one feels they could draw if they wanted to."

"Art," says Holman Hunt, in his recently published Romanes lecture at Oxford, "is the handwriting of a nation." He does not think much of the "handwriting" of the realistic—chiefly foreign—school, which he roundly denounces.

Professor Thomas Egleston of Columbia University has presented to Trinity church of New York a jeweled communion chalice in memory of his wife. It is nine inches high, with a bowl four and three-eighths inches in diameter, and is fashioned almost entirely out of gems and their settings, the precious stones having been collected by Professor Egleston himself in different parts of the world, and worn by his wife during her lifetime. Professor Egleston is a mineralogist, and many of the stones are unique specimens.

The West is already beginning to waken up to the importance of mural decoration, and now the new Peoria library is in the hands of two Chicago artists, Mr. H. G. Maratta and Mr. F. C. Peraud, who have completed designs for the various rooms. The landscape is in delicate, flat tints, and the allegorical figures represent Education, Art, Literature, Music, Poetry, and the like. In the stair-well is to be a large panel containing a fine view of the Illinois Valley as seen from Prospect Heights.

At the sale of the collection of the late Sir Julian Goldsmith in London last month, the paintings of the "early English school" continued to advance steadily in price, the climax being reached when the sum of \$55,000 was paid for a portrait group by Romney, painted for George, fourth Duke of Marlborough, and presented by him, after his wife's death, to Lord Clifden. It has been surmised that this picture is intended for the Marlborough gallery at Blenheim.

LYNN C. DOYLE

What May Happen.

Life.

Maud—I hear Miss Mannish is ill she has been obliged to give up hunting. What is the matter with her?

Ethel—The doctor says that she has a tobacco heart.

Domes, Bubbles and Eggshells.

Seen from a distance on a fine day the dome of St. Paul's looks as light as a soap bubble; and if it could talk, it would tell you it feels as light, for the mighty strength of the great church carries it as a man carries a baby on his shoulder. Yet it weighs—how much do you fancy?

A woman stood in the doorway awaiting the return of her husband. He had left home with a heavy load of anxiety on his mind. Presently she saw him coming. Matters had been satisfactorily adjusted; she knew it by his face. Walking quickly up to her, he said—not loudly, but with pauses between his words: "Willie—if you should keep a bushel of eggs in that door—I feel I could run over them and not break one."

This is in the line of universal experience. Weight—so far as it concerns the human body at least—is not determined by the scales, but by sensation.

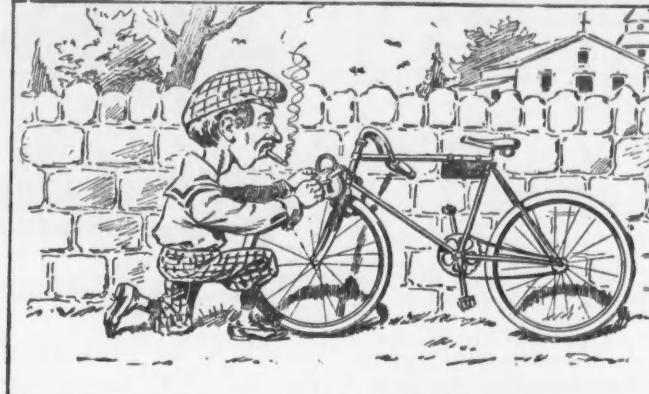
We beg to introduce Mr. John Stafford, who says, "I feel as if a heavy load had been lifted off me."

"For over twenty years," he adds, "I had suffered from obstinate indigestion and constipation. For more than a week at a time I would never have my bowels moved."

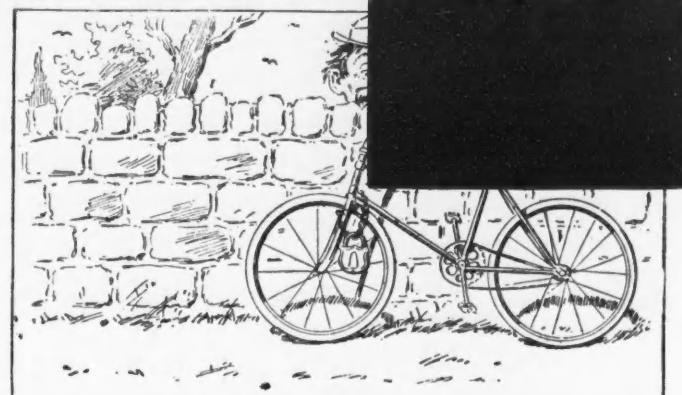
The reader is an intelligent person, doubtless. Consider Mr. Stafford's statement, then, for a moment, let us put the fact in plain English. His intestines were full of festering rotteness; they were like a stagnant morass, breeding disease and death. The poison engendered by so vile a secretion are absorbed by the tissues, pass into the blood, and infect every organ and part of the system. If not relieved, the victim will die—poisoned by the products of his own machinery. It is as terrible as the Black Hole of Calcutta, and common as weeds in a neglected garden.

We are, therefore, prepared to hear him say: "I always had a bad taste in my mouth, my tongue and teeth being covered with a sticky, slimy matter. I was constantly belching up a

Locked, But Lost.



Scorcher—It's a little trouble to lock your wheel every time you dismount, but still it's a satisfaction to know that no one can steal it.



Tramp—Hello! What's dis? A bike as sure as you live, wid de front wheel locked! Dat's meat for me, sure.



I guess dat feller what left de wheel didn't know dat I ister belong to de circus.

diameter, and is fashioned almost entirely out of gems and their settings, the precious stones having been collected by Professor Egleston himself in different parts of the world, and worn by his wife during her lifetime. Professor Egleston is a mineralogist, and many of the stones are unique specimens.

In July (1883) I was so run down and feeble

I feared I should have to give up altogether. I was under a doctor for several weeks, but his medicine did me no good. I kept getting worse and worse. At last, in July of the same year, my mates at the Marsh Iron Works, where I was employed, told me about Mother Seigel's Cough Syrup, and urged me to give it a trial. I got a bottle, and after I had taken it a few days

I felt great improvement.

My bowels acted naturally, as they had not previously done for twenty years; my food agreed with me, and *I felt as if a load had been lifted off me.*

Continuing to take the Syrup, I gained strength rapidly, and have been in the best of health ever since. You will believe me when I say that I now recommend this remedy to everybody who suffers from the same complaint. Yours truly, (Signed) John Stafford, 15 Spa Terrace, Marsh Lane, Preston, October 11th, 1883."

Indigestion is primarily a disease of the stomach and constipation is one of its results. On account of the torpidity of the liver (an accompaniment of indigestion), little or no bile is poured into the bowels, and the fluids of the intestines being dried up by the feverish action there, the partly digested stuff from the stomach becomes hard and solid in the lower bowel, and clogs it. Then it putrefies, producing all the evils from which our friend suffered. Seigel's Syrup cured him by setting things right at the source of trouble. We congratulate Mr. Stafford on his escape; it was narrow enough for the strongest and boldest.

The scales will tell him he weighs more than he has in twenty years; his feelings tell him that he could stand on an egg and not break it.

—

A Journalistic Failure.

Chicago Post.

The editor of the *Daily Sensationalist* was angry.

"How does it happen," he demanded of his assistant, "that you fell down so miserably in writing up the latest presidential candidate?"

"I didn't know I had," replied the assistant in surprise. "I was under the impression that we had tackled him from about every possible viewpoint."

"Nonsense! You overlooked just what the people are most deeply interested in."

"I had a talk with his business associates about his business ability," protested the assistant. "Then I had a short article from his father about the first time he took him to the woodshed to convince him of the folly of disobedience, a few lines from his mother about how he learned to talk, a long screed from his stenographer about his office methods, an interview with his son about his methods of correction, chats with all his neighbors and a little something from nearly every tradesman with whom he deals about his system of paying or standing off bills."

"And yet," said the editor impressively, "you had not a word from his cook about what he eats and how he likes it cooked."

The assistant started.

"Great Scott!" he cried. "How did I ever come to overlook anything so important as that?"

"And you didn't have a line from his coachman giving a study of his character from the standpoint of a horse; nor did I find a dissertation by any of his servants on his table manners."

The assistant felt that he had made the mis-

THE
ALE AND PORTER
...OF...
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Received MEDAL and HIGHEST POINTS awarded on this Continent at the WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO, 1893

JAS. GOOD & CO.
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A FAIR AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

Pimples, Freckles, Blotches, Blackheads, Redness

AND ALL OTHER SKIN ERUPTIONS, VANISH BY THE USE OF

Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers

and Fould's Medicated Arsenic Complexion Soap

ONE box of Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, if used in conjunction with Fould's Arsenic Soap, will restore the face to the smoothest and fairest. Maidenly Loveliness. Used by the cream of Society throughout the world. Dr. Campbell's Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap are guaranteed perfectly harmless and not deleterious to the most tender skin.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS COUNTERFEITS. Wafers, by mail, 50c. and \$1 per box; six large boxes, \$5. Soap, 50c. THE LYMAN BROS. DRUG CO., Canadian Agents, 71 Front St. E., Toronto, Canada.

H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor, 144 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.; 214 6th Avenue, New York
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN CANADA.

Ladies' Street Dresses

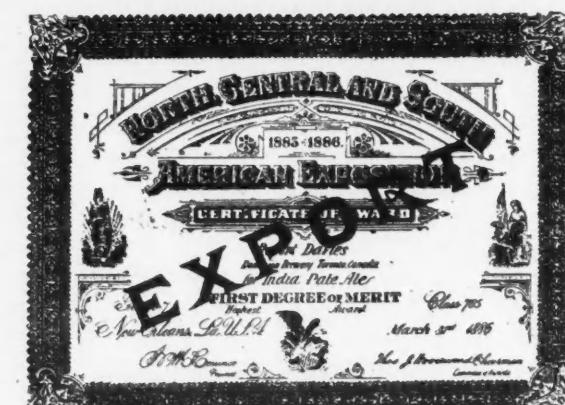


Sweet Summer Suits.
Swagger Skirts and Jackets.
Swell Boating Outfits.
Smart Overgarments.
Stylish Golf Capes.
Attractive Outing Costumes.
Nobby Travelling Gowns.

Rigby
Water
Proofed

Neatest Bicycle Suits.

Would not any lady like to have all her outdoor garments made repellent to water if she could feel sure that not the slightest difference would be made in the material? Well, we stake our reputation on the fact that cloth proofed by the Rigby Process cannot be distinguished from the same cloth not proofed, except that it cannot be made wet—nor is the free circulation of air through the cloth interfered with in the least.

Copland Brewing Co.
BOHEMIAN
ROYAL EXPORT
LAGER
TORONTO, CANADA.

SUBSTITUTION THE FRAUD OF THE DAY

See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

take of a life-time, but he could only sit still and listen to his chief's terrible arraignment.

"There is no interview with his wife's maid on her sunny disposition," continued the editor, "and I can find nothing from her dressmaker about her wonderful taste. The jester of his office building has been unaccountably overlooked, and the dogcatcher for that district has not been asked for an estimate of his character. His favorite boathook, too."

But the assistant handed in his resignation without waiting to hear any more.

Correct Wear for Men.

The Duke of York is wearing a straw hat made in the Alpine shape, and men who keep abreast of the fashion in their dress are wondering whether it is going to become the proper thing for summer wear. When Walter Damrosch returned from Europe last summer, he wore such a hat, but it was regarded as a freak "made in Germany." Since then, a few men have been seen wearing such a head-covering in New York, but it is improbable that the hat will be generally worn. The material of which it is made is entirely incongruous with its shape. Still incongruity did not make the combination of colored shirt and white collar im-

possible. One thing is certain, that royalty is not so blindly followed in the minor details of dress as it was a few years ago. It was about three years ago that the Prince of Wales, owing to his increased girth, took to leaving the lowest button of his waistcoat unfastened. This trifling deviation from the general custom was soon so widely followed that some tailors took to making waistcoats on which it was impossible to fasten the last button. But, on the other hand, when, last year, Albert Edward took to wearing a silk hat with a sack-coat, he found no one to follow him.

Beautiful Niagara.

The best view of the river rapids and falls is gained by a trip over the Gorge route, the Niagara Falls and Lewiston Railroad, American line. This splendid equipped electric trolley line traverses the entire length of the Niagara gorge, on the American shore, close to the water's edge, from the Falls to Lewiston, passing many caves, rapids, battle grounds and historic points. Fare, round trip, 50c. To see Niagara as it should be seen—cheaply, thoroughly and quickly—the tourist should ascend the observation tower and later take a trip over the most complete electric trolley route in the world.

Trains run every ten minutes.

J. M. Brinker, President.

D. B. Worthington,
Gen. Pass. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y.





At a banquet recently tendered by leading English musicians to Mr. W. H. Cummings, the newly appointed principal of the Guildhall School of Music, the genial organist of Westminster Abbey, Dr. J. F. Bridge, made the following characteristically humorous remarks in response to the toast of The Ladies. He said: "It is really too bad to call upon me to acknowledge this toast, more especially as I was just beginning to enjoy myself. (Laughter) It is, of course, a great satisfaction and pleasure to me to be present here, for our guest was connected with the Abbey. In my young days, before most of you were born (laughter), at all events, before any of the ladies present were born, it was the custom to call upon the most bashful, and best looking, and most shy young man to return thanks for the ladies. No violation of this rule has been permitted to-night. (Loud laughter.) Ask the honorary secretary, Mr. Southgate, he knows! (Laughter.) As he himself put it on these grounds, of course I could not refuse to reply. The new woman is to be paramount. We poor men are to be done away with. I hope they will be as kind to us as we are to them. Of course I am not speaking from experience. (Laughter.) Kindness to them! Why just think what happens at examinations when there are lady and gentlemen competitors. I have seen an unfortunate youth come to play the violin for a diploma, and, entering the room, he proceeds to tune his instrument. 'Can't stop here all day whilst you are tuning,' says an examiner. (Cries of 'Name.') The lad goes away, and then advances a lady bringing her violin in *in the case!* It has not been tuned! What occurs? One of the examiners jumps up and undoes the case ('Name'), another catches up the instrument and tunes it—or tries to. (Laughter.) A string breaks! But she is not sent out to fetch the next person. You hear one German examiner say, 'Schr schoen!' (Laughter.) She passes with honors! The unfortunate youth manages only to scrape ('Oh') through. In the ladies we all have kind supporters. Some have admirers. (Laughter.) Some have wives whom they dare not bring to such a festive gathering. (Laughter.) Some have wives like Mr. Cummings. ('I have only one.') In the name of that one wife of his, whom I congratulate upon the honor done to her husband, I beg to thank you for the way you have drunk this toast." (Cheers). Dr. Hubert Parry, in proposing the health of the chairman (Dr. Mackenzie, principal of the Royal Academy of Music), "who had had such a terrible bringing up in the House of Belial," said that he was really surprised at the scandalous examination revelations made by the bashful Bridge. A jolly lot of fellows many of the most eminent English musicians surely must be. Of these, however, the palm undoubtedly would have to be awarded to Drs. Bridge and Stainer. Dr. Mackenzie in the course of his remarks at an earlier stage of the proceedings said: "You may think me a little ill-natured—I generally am—daughter when I say that like many other directors of schools there are times when I do not feel particularly imbued with benevolent feelings towards cathedral or chapel boys. They are always cropping up. (Laughter.) I see several of them at the table now—one cannot get away from them. I remember a somewhat similar festival a few years ago; it was a dinner given to Sir John Stainer. He and Sir Arthur Sullivan and several other frolicsome cathedral and chapel boys sat together chuckling over and enjoying the recollection of their early tricks and pranks in the most barefaced manner. (Laughter.) I felt horribly depressed by their tales; they were a perfect revelation to me, because my recollections, and the larger portion of my early training, belongs to quite another place, to the House of Belial, to the theater. (Laughter.) Curiously enough I have never experienced, I do not even now, the slightest moral inferiority to those, as Dibdin says, 'Sweet little cherubs that sit up in the organ loft.' An admirable example of Dr. Bridge's innate sense of humor, as well as musicianship, was presented by the Mendelssohn Choir at last season's annual concert in the exceedingly effective and dramatic composition Bold Turpin, a work which aroused the greatest enthusiasm among the audience on that occasion.

A correspondent writes me over the *nom de plume* of "A Perplexed Vocalist," and finds fault with remarks which have appeared in this column relative to the College of Church Musicians, which he describes as a "recognized and genuine American College." As his letter evinces a desire for knowledge concerning certain Canadian degree-conferring institutions, I may briefly refer to those he mentions and describe their significance. The titles A.T.C.M. and F.T.C.M., as conferred by the Conservatory and College of Music, are certificates of proficiency to graduates and post-graduates of these excellently equipped institutions, upon completing certain prescribed courses of study. The Mus. Bac. and Mus. Doc. degrees conferred by Trinity University are testimonials of proficiency granted by a regularly constituted and widely known institution of learning, whose degrees in other departments of work are honored in all parts of the civilized world. Several of its facilities are among the best in the country. Toronto University, which is also privileged to grant degrees of Mus. Bac. and Mus. Doc., is not by any means a *paper* "University," but a state institution which will compare favorably, in many respects, with the greatest seats of learning on this continent. My correspondent also enquires concerning the College of Organists (Canada) with its privileges to wear "hoods." It may be said in this connection that none of the foundation members or successful candidates in its comprehensive exam-

inations in both practical and theoretical music, have ever been known to sport any "millinery." This organization, which has held no examinations for some years past, has not been, nor was it ever intended to be, a money-making concern. Lennoxville College, Quebec, is a Church of England university, regularly organized and chartered in accordance with the laws of the Province of Quebec. The Dominion College of Music, Montreal, is an examining body which is in affiliation with the Lennoxville College. On its board of examiners are to be found a number of the most eminent musicians in the Dominion. My correspondent also asks concerning Lennoxville College, "Who are the musical examiners of this college and how long has it been granting degrees?" I have not, just at this moment, a calendar of this college at hand, but believe that Dr. J. Lott, organist of Litchfield Cathedral, is examiner. The Dominion College of Music, which is in affiliation with Lennoxville College, has since its inception taken away much of the Canadian business formerly controlled by the London College of Music, Ltd., of London, Eng. The statement is made by my correspondent that it is somewhat strange that the College of Church Musicians, Leavenworth, Kansas, should be criticized here, since "this same degree and examination fever is so rampant in Toronto." He should remember, however, that Toronto contains a number of regularly chartered and splendidly equipped musical educational institutions, and that the number of music students qualifying for their profession here is perhaps exceeded on this continent only by such cities as Boston, New York and Chicago.

An English contemporary, in referring to the establishment of the American Guild of Organists on lines similar to the Royal College of Organists, England, discusses several features of the working of the newer organization, the most important of which has to do with the question as to whether a separate system of examination should be set on foot for testing the abilities of choir-trainers as distinct from those of organ players. In this connection the writer arrives at the following conclusions: "There are many who excel in the one branch and are only of mediocre attainments in the other, and as a large number of churches engage separate officials to fill these posts, it seems desirable that some test should be imposed upon candidates for choirmasterships, distinct from their capacities as organ players, though even where the offices are separate it is most desirable that the choirmaster should know something of the organ and that the organist should be something of a choirmaster. How the ability for choir training can be tested in an examination does not at first sight seem clear. The theoretical knowledge is possessed by most musicians and is, when all is said and done, only the smaller part of the desirable attainments for a successful choirmaster. If the American Guild of Organists succeeds in solving this problem, it will be more successful than any similar body has yet been elsewhere. The English Royal College of Organists imposes certain questions upon candidates for its diplomas, relative to the details of choir-training, but it has no separate examination in this branch." The same journal waxes humorous over a proposition, by a critic of the new organization, that the American Guild of Organists should undertake the guaranteeing of the general culture and morals of its *alumni*. "Such ideals," says the writer, "are of course to be admired, but they are rather impossible for a practical institution to aim at. If the American Guild succeeds to the extent of one-half of these requirements, its members may feel thoroughly satisfied, and the lady who writes to the correspondence columns of a newspaper in England to ask whether an organist could possibly be a thoroughly respectable man and one suitable for a son-in-law, need have no fear in America if only the Guild of Organists there acts up to its present intentions."

The Musical Editor of Saturday Night: Sir.—To continue the correspondence with regard to the College of Church Musicians, now going on in your musical column, I would like to pray still further into the methods and workings of this organization: and shall, with your kind permission, ask to be furnished with information on the following points:

1. How many candidates have taken the degrees of Mus. A., Mus. M., and Mus. Doc., by examination?
2. Who are the examiners for the Mus. Doc. degree?
3. How many and the names of these are holding the degrees of this college *ad cunctum*, or *pro honoris causa*?
4. Who is the representative in charge of the agency at London, England?

It is significant, I think, that through the names of Drs. F. C. Karpe and Dr. J. L. Liddon are quoted being in the service of this enterprising college, yet in the *Musical Times* of July, the former is stated as being Mus. Doc., *Trinity College, Toronto*, and in the calendar of the London College of Music, the latter is described as Mus. Bac., *Cantab.*

I observe that this College of Church Musicians is associated with the College of Church Musicians, London, (Eng.), for on page 66 of the calendar of the latter institution for 1894, it is stated in the notice of the Coll. of Church Musicians—"Associated with the Church Choir Guild, and providing complete course of instruction in ecclesiastical church in sacred music, &c. It is customary to dignify for a university to be associated with a college!"

The secretary of the Church Choir Guild is Mr. J. H. Lewis, Mus. Doc., D.C.L., (University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee, U. S. A.), on the subject of whose degrees there was, some years ago, a long correspondence in the *Musical World* and *Musical News*.

You are doing an excellent work in thus opening your column to a discussion upon this matter.

Apropos of the question of musical examinations, but more particularly with reference to a paragraph contained in a letter published in this column a fortnight ago over the *nom de plume* of "Anti-Humbug," I am informed that the local musical examiner at Trinity University has very little responsibility in the final examination for musical degrees at that seat of learning. As will be remembered, the statement was made that at Toronto University the examiner in musical theory, harmony, composition, etc., examines and passes his own pupils who may be candidates for musical degrees, and that to some extent this was true of Trinity as well. My informant claims that the most important work of the final examination at Trinity is submitted to the English examiner alone. Three of the five papers are sent to England, as well as the candidate's "exercise, or comprehensive musical composition, upon the excellence of which so much depends."

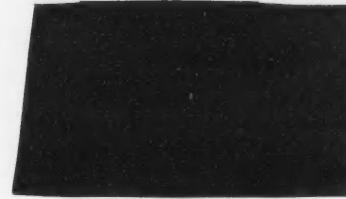
The *London Musical News*, in summing up the various reports received of this year's performances at Bayreuth, says: "Bayreuth has

even surpassed itself in the careful attention paid to all stage details, while the average level of the singing is better, and the orchestra under Dr. Richter is irreproachable." The numbers in attendance at this year's festival have never been surpassed and enthusiasm has run high throughout the entire cycle of performances. These facts will furnish food for reflection to the critic who, several years ago, wrote an elaborate article for the *Nineteenth Century* in which he proved to his own satisfaction that the Wagnerian bubble had burst.

Mr. Frank Mason deputized at the organ of Parkdale Presbyterian church during the absence of the regular organist, Mr. Leigh.

Mr. A. S. Vogt, organist of Jarvis street Baptist church, spent last Sunday in St. Thomas. On Sunday evening Mr. Vogt gave a short organ recital on the organ of the First Methodist church.

Moderato.



In the Train.

Punch.

Would-be Swell (to affable countryman, a perfect stranger, whom he wishes to over-awe). Couldn't leave town before. Had to wait for the royal wedding.

Affable Countryman—Indeed! I suppose the tips are very handsome on such occasions? I hope you did pretty well, sir.

The Idiot.

Pick-Me-Up.

Proud Mother (showing the new baby)—And this is my little daughter, Major.

The Major—Oh, ay, yes! Is she a boy or a girl?

He said her hair was dyed; and when she indignantly said, "Tis false!" he said he pre-sumed so.

Hi! there's is—ere, cheer 'im, Bill, As loudly as yer can!

Arlet 'im 'ave it with a will,

Bruvo, teetot' man!

Hooray! yell a' 'im all yer know,

That's my sort, Bill, d'y'e'ar!

Well, there, he's gone—come on, let's go outside an' have a beer.—Pick-Me-Up.

There could no longer be any doubt that the theater was really on fire. The audience, terror-stricken, began to stampede toward the exits. "Come along, for goodness sake, or it will be too late," said the Gentle stockbroker to his neighbor Elkstein. But even in that terrible moment the man of Israel did not forget his duty to his race. "Wait yun minute, just yun minute," he implored; "I want to see if these tickets will be good for to-morrow night."—Pick-Me-Up.

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POOR QUALITY ORIGINAL



THE WHALEY-ROYCE TORONTO

THE WHALEY-ROYCE TORONTO</p

Social and Personal.

The *John O'Groats Journal* mentions that Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Rose, Mr. Thomas Dunnet, Miss Ashley and Master Willie Dunnet are visiting Wick, the birthplace of Messrs. Rose and Dunnet. The party are cycling in the north of Scotland.

Mr. Nordheimer, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. Percy Beatty, Mr. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick and Mr. J. Herbert Mason returned from a visit to Muskoka last Tuesday.

Col. and Mrs. Mason and their four sons and daughters have been enjoying Muskoka for the last fortnight. The colonel and his boys are

famous oarsmen, and have been all over the lakes in their row-boat. They returned home this week, and Mrs. Mason and the little ones will follow later.

Not a few Torontonians have made their summer home at the West Point Resort, near the famous Sand Hills of Prince Edward County. Among those staying at the hotel or in the cottages are: Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Pearson and Miss Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Wright, Mrs. J. A. McIntosh and Miss McIntosh, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Yeigh, Mrs. R. G. Wilkie, Miss Blanche Weir, Miss Edith Hall, Mr. Richardson and Mr. W. A. Flaws. Other guests are present from Belleville, Peterboro', Kingston, Port Hope, Rochester, and other places.

Major-General and Mrs. Haultain, Mr. A. B. and Mr. C. S. Wilkie, Mrs. Tackaberry, Mr. and Mrs. William Mulock, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Gowans, Miss Amy Laing, Mr. H. T. McMillan, Mr. H. B. Meldrum, Mr. S. A. Jones, Mr. Yans Lindner, Mr. H. F. Gault, Mr. Lyon Lindsey, Mr. Churchill Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Mara of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Russell of Montreal, Mrs. W. H. Buck, Mrs. E. S. King, Mrs. Benjamin Von Phul, Mr. Henry Von Phul of St. Louis, Mo., Mr. R. Beith, Mrs. A. Beith of Bowmanville, Mrs.

The following guests registered at the Penin-

sular Park Hotel during the past week: Mrs. R. H. and Miss Green, Mr. V. Green, Masters Harold and Lesley Green, Master Stewart Jackes, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Henderson, Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Graham, Miss Lucile Graham, Mr. Robert Macpherson, Mr. William Walklate, Mr. H. Loundes, Miss Florence Loundes, Miss Clara Hallmyn, Miss Gilbert, Mr. A. W. Law, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Baird, Mr. H. Moore, Mr. George H. Fension, Mr. W. G. Sterling, Mr. J. A. Alley, Mr. J. Frank McConnell, Mr. F. Judd Kennedy, Mr. George E. Hartman, Mr. J. Robinson, Mr. M. McConnell, Mr. James MacCallen, Mr. Fred Stair, Miss Galbraith and Miss Young of Toronto; R. Raikes, M.D., Mr. Allan Jones of Barrie, Mr. Harold Royce of Davenport, Mr. William Moore of Davisville, Mrs. J. Banning Richardson, Misses L. I. Ethel, Beatrice and Helen Richardson of London.

Rev. Warren Hastings of Detroit, Mr. E. P. James, Dr. and Mrs. Lowry, Mr. W. J. Burnet of Brantford, Mr. J. B. Wylie, Miss Wylie, and Miss Nellie Wylie of Hamilton, Mr. A. Brown, Mr. J. T. Boxall of Toronto, Mr. F. G. Bowers of Nassau, West Indies, and the Misses Bowers of Bournemouth, Eng., are at Milford Bay House, Muskoka.

Alderman James Scott sailed on August 8 by the Umbria and expects to be in Toronto by August 17.

Mrs. Clara Henderson of Maitland street is visiting friends in Kingston.

Sahara, which Island residence has been for some years associated with the charming hos-

pitality of Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, and which was vacated a couple of seasons ago by its owners on account of too stringent Island-city policy, is this summer a *pension*, housing a pleasant party. On alternate Thursdays an informal dance is given by the guests and much enjoyed by those favored with invitations.

Mr. Cromwell Gurney, while in town, is staying at Hotel Hanlan.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Paterson went to Muskoka last Saturday.

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Breaks the record of the season for covering the greatest distance with the least exertion. Mr. Hurndall, on his trip recently from Toronto to Fort Wayne, Ind., and return, enthusiastic pages of his mount, the Cleveland, as the unapproachable model of lightness, rigidity and endurance, and has written to the Lozier Company expressing his pleasure in the actual experience of seeing mile after mile slip by, on all sorts of roads, with but a minimum effort, easily making his last 202 miles in a day of eighteen and one-half hours including stoppages, and without a single break the entire journey.

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Social and Personal.

One of the projects which heard discussed in Muskoka the other day was a bicycle path from Gravenhurst to Port Cockburn. It is of course, largely along the trail of the Government road that such a path could be perfected. The ride, some eighty miles or so, would be a continual panorama of exquisite views, and I hope next year this charming way may be set going for the cyclists. Just fancy what a harvest the hotels would reap if people could wheel through Muskoka.

Mrs. A. Coulter and her son, Master Kenneth, are spending a month with Mrs. Alf. Blackburn in New York.

Rev. E. M. Bland and Mrs. Bland of Hamilton are at their island in Muskoka. Mr. Bland conducts service and preaches in the little chapel at Port Sandfield on Sunday mornings.

Mrs. R. D. Lundy is visiting Mr. Craig, M.P.P., at Stony Lake.

Recent arrivals at The Penetanguishene are: Mrs. J. D. Lawrin of St. Louis, Miss A. Wadsworth of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. James Cummins, Master Thomas Cummins, Misses Ann and Margaret Cummins, Messrs. William H. and G. L. Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hearne, Master Thomas Hearne, Miss Augusta Hearne of Wheeling, W. Va., Miss Ann McKenna of Washington, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. William Dorris, Miss and Miss J. Dorris, and Mr. J. D. Dorris of Huntingdon, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Allyn, Miss and Miss Angela Allyn, Mrs. Addie and Miss Stuart, Rev. J. M. V. King of Corsicana, Tex., Messrs. C. and L. E. Saunders, Mr. S. Lorie of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. James Swift, Miss and Mr. J. Swift, Jr. of Kingston, Mr. A. H. Plumb of Emporia, Kan., Messrs. Alex. and Allen C. Dixon, Mr. Samuel L. Trees, Mr. and Mrs. George Hees, Miss Hees, Mrs. S. S. Haas of Toronto, Mr. F. A. Rodden of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. King, Lieut.-Col. C. S. Jones, Mrs. A. B. Cameron, Mr. M. J. Taylor, Mr. John C. Mackay of Toronto, Mr. W. J. Ruch and family, Mr. C. H. McCracken and family, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. L. McCutcheon of Pittsburgh, Judge and Mrs. Rose, Misses W. and C. Rose, Mr. Hugh E. Rose, Miss Elaine Hodgins, Mr. W. B. Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. MacAndrew, Mr. and Mrs. James Noxon of Toronto, Mr. L. C. Raymond of Welland, Capt. and Mrs. Alfred E. Hunt, Master Roy A. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Moore of Pittsburgh.

Ferndale House, Muskoka, has been the scene of a good deal of summer gayety, no less than two hops having been held during the past week. The young people entered heartily into the dancing, and many a couple enjoyed equally well a stroll on "the bluff" between the dances. Among those registered at the Ferndale this week are: Mr. T. J. Hunter, Miss C. D. Hunter, Miss Mina Hunter, Mr. W. H. Pinkerton of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Mackenzie of Petrolia, Mr. and Mrs. R. Ross of Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. J. McPherson of Peterboro', Dr. E. H. Carter of Baltimore, Md., Prof. G. A. H. Frazer of Colorado Springs, Mr. F. Burbridge, Mr. N. H. Greene, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. M. Weller, Master Maurice Weller, Miss Weller of Toronto, Prof. H. A. Aikens of Cleveland, Miss Jessie Hill of New York, and Dr. E. J. Barrick of Toronto.

The following arrivals are registered at Hotel Del Monte, Preston Springs: Mr. and Mrs. H. Moore, Mr. J. H. Blatherwick, Mr. Thomas W. N. Hilliard, Mr. S. E. Townsend, Mr. Fulford Arnoldi, Mr. C. M. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rowan, the Misses Conickan, Messrs. J. D. and R. A. Montgomery of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Evans, Mr. Charles Morgan, Miss Hennig, Alfred Lackner, M.D. of Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Hoffman of New York, Mrs. Hughes of Newmarket, Mrs. J. Baxter and Miss Baxter of Cayuga, Mr. R. S. Dix of Chicago, Mr. A. Stewart, Mr. Thomas Elliott, Miss Davidson, Miss Vantleet, Mr. W. P. Scarff of Brantford; Mrs. Wild of Ottawa, Miss Empey of New York, Miss Helen W. Millar of Guelph, Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Benis, Miss Benis of Niagara-on-the-Lake; Mrs. and Miss Orton of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Price, Miss Florence Green of Rochester, Mr. J. F. Lindsay, wife and family of Montreal, Messrs. John Murray and Andrew Sanderson of Stratford.

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Picture Dealer—Certainly, sir. For your own use?

Artist—No, I'm sending it to the exhibition.

Picture Dealer—Just step this way. I've the very thing. There! You see, the design of the frame is a nymph on each side! Absolutely excludes all danger of having the picture hung upside down.

Con. for a Cricketer.

Punch.

Miss Nelly sits cool in the cricketer's booth, And watches the game, about which, in good sooth,

Her curious interest ne'er ceases. She now wants to know of the flannel-clad youth,

However the wickets can well be kept smooth. When she hears they are always in creases!

On the River.

Pick-Me-Up.

He—if we were in a canoe, I would kiss you. She—Take me ashore instantly, sir.

Fully Qualified.

London Mail.

There was a long line of applicants for the position of porter on one of our railways. As they came out of the superintendent's office, one by one, with disappointed faces, the remaining candidates became more and more cheerful.

The next man who entered the office was accepted by the superintendent, who, after taking his measurements, said, "Call out, 'Clapham Junction.'"

"Clapham Junction." "That will do. You needn't come again." Following this unfortunate was a shrewd-

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The great factories at Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., where Columbias, the famous American bicycles, are made, are building such matchless machines today because for 18 years they have profited by every mistake and have carried on their investigations in the broadest scientific spirit.



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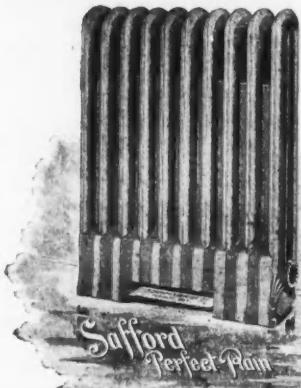
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From our irrepressible joker (still in prison)—

Question. Of what fish is the Emperor of Russia most fond? Answer. Czar-dines.—Punch.

Friend—How does this weather suit you, Old Chap? Bankrupt Proprietor—Oh, down to the ground! You see, I'm in liquidation!—Punch.

Jaglets—Who invented work, Bill? Jaglets—I doan know, but he ought to stayed and finished it.—New York Truth.

Stern Mother—if you go into the water, I shall send you straight home to bed. Angelic Child—Boo-oh, boo-oh. If you do—boo-oh—I know a boy who's got measles, and I'll go right off and catch 'em!—Pick-Me-Up.

Stranger—is the submarine diver at home? The Diver's Wife—he's down at the river, but I don't think you can see him this morning. Stranger—Why not? The Diver's Wife—he's immersed in business.—Port Jervis Gazette.

Miss Timid—Do people lose their lives here frequently, little boy? Little Boy—not mor'n onet.—New York Truth.

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BIRTHS.

SMITH—At Mount Forest, on July 24, to Mr. and Mrs. Will S. Smith—a son.

BLACKSTOCK—Aug. 5, Mrs. Thomas Blackstock—a daughter.

KIRKPATRICK—Aug. 7, Mrs. G. S. Kirkpatrick—a son.

WATSON—Aug. 2, Mrs. Wm. G. Watson—a son.

GLAZEBROOK—Aug. 11, Mrs. A. J. Glazebrook—a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

BRADWIN—EMIGH—At the residence of the bride's parents, Blyth, on Aug. 5, by Rev. T. E. Bradwin, A. E. Bradwin, editor of *The Standard*, to Lena, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Emigh.

DEYELL—HOWARD—At Whitby, on August 6, J. Fred Devell to Edith Howard.

ELLIOTT—JUDY—Ingersoll, August 10, Fred C. Elliott to Edie May Wikson.

CULROSS—WILSON—August 10, William Culross to Maggie Wilson.

GRIFFITHS—COUEN—August 7, Wm. A. Griffiths to Emma F. Couen.

JOHN—JUDY—Aurora, August 6, F. W. John to Zella Judy.

KAISER—MUIR—Chicago, August 5, Albert H. Kaiser to Faith Muir.

MARTIN—HICKS—August 6, S. G. Percy Martin to Alice M. Hicks.